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### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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#### Politics of Europe.

A Friend having favoured us with a File of the GLASGOW CHRONICLE for the latter end of September, and early part of October, we to-day present our readers with some miscellaneous extracts from that paper, which we trust will be found interesting. Among our other English Periodicals, we lately mentioned having received the LITERARY GAZETTE; but although it contains many excellent articles, we have hardly been able to touch upon them; on account of the space demanded for political intelligence, and accounts of passing occurrences. To-day, however, we have devoted some space to this valuable work, from which we have selected two articles of peculiar interest: the first, a Review of a New Poem from the well-known pen of the Ettrick Shepherd, founded on the King's late visit to the Northern Metropolis; the second, a sketch of a Tale translated from the Tamil language, by Mr. Babington, of the Madras Civil Service.

*The Quarter's Revenue.*—The accounts of the quarter's revenue are such copious and never failing sources of "pleasure" and "satisfaction" to the Ministerial papers, that it becomes superfluous to enquire into the cause of their exultation. The revenue increases—they rejoice; the revenue diminishes—they rejoice also; "for every why they have a wherefore." They account for the falling off of the last quarter in this way:—

There has been a reduction of the Malt and Leather tax, which took place in July; and there is a reduction of the Salt tax, to take place in January next; and there was a reduction of the Assessed taxes, which took place a year and half ago. Now the Ministerial papers tell us that the effect of these reductions—one of which took place before either of the comparisons (and another had not yet taken place at all)—all contribute to account for the decrease. In Malt the decrease has certainly been considerable—viz. 1,033,765*l*. This observe, is the decrease on a quarter. Now the whole diminution which was expected from the repeal of the one shilling malt duty, was calculated at the utmost at one million three hundred thousand pounds per ann. The decrease on the quarter is at the rate of 4,130,000*l* a year. The reduction consequently instead of being accompanied by an increase, its natural result, has, from the distress of the consumers, been accompanied by a diminution of consumption. We should observe however that large repayments to dealers for stock on hand might account for this apparent peculiarity; but we do not know that these repayments have been brought to account, nor do the Treasury Papers (which however are profoundly ignorant on these matters) mention any such circumstance. Let it be observed also that there is a decrease on Beer. There are some other remarkable instances of decrease—that of 400,000*l*. about four-sevenths of the whole revenue, on Printed Goods during the year. In Tea and spirits there is an increase.

If these accounts prove, which they by no means do, that the tax gatherers contrive to collect as much taxes as they have done hitherto, what reason does it afford for gratification? The Ministerial Papers tell us that it proves the power of the people to pay taxes, and, consequently, their comfort. This might be very well in the absence of other and more positive evidence; but while we see the failures and ruin of the farmers in large districts—when we see the alternate famine and murder in

Ireland, where the Courier finds the same "pleasure" in the integrity of the Revenue—we cannot look at accounts of financial prosperity with unhesitating satisfaction. They do unquestionably prove the immense wealth—the prodigious power of the industry of the people; but they prove also that payments may be kept up while means are diminishing. Turkey, while it has been falling into ruin and desolation, has been financially one of the most flourishing of States. Its Revenues have been always equal to its expenditure; and it has had a large treasure; and its ministers have had the "gratification" and the "pleasure," of seeing imposing and useless masses of figures heaped up, to show the greatness and prosperity of the empire, but representing, in reality, the cause of misery, blood, famine, and disorganization.

*Affairs of Spain.*—The Paris Journals dispel the doubts entertained respecting the fate of Col. Tabuena. It is ascertained that he was defeated by the Royalists. His force however was very inconsiderable, only 800 men opposed to 5 or 6,000. From such a disparity no other result could have been anticipated. The first Royalist accounts stated him to have been immediately shot, but later ones represent him to have died of his wounds on his way to the Seo d'Urgel. This is the action which was magnified by the Ultras into a great victory gained over Mina himself, who, it was asserted, had either perished in the contest, or was so closely blocked up by superior forces at Lerida, that he could no longer avoid surrendering with his whole army. The contradiction of this account of the defeat of Mina is fully established. Detremined to revenge the defeat of Tabuena, he marched upon Cervera. On entering that place the impetuosity of his troops could not be restrained, and the whole garrison was put to the sword. We lament that the civil war now raging in Spain assumes this ferocious character. It is to be lamented for the sake of humanity—it is also to be deprecated, lest it should assist any pretence on the part of any foreign nation to interfere in the internal state of Spain.

The gloom which the slaughter of so many brave men in France, and the executions which are still meditated, are calculated to diffuse over every well constituted mind, is to a certain extent relieved by the cheering prospect opened in Spain. The CONSTITUTIONNEL contains some interesting details of the brilliant and imposing festival on the Anniversary of the Installation of the Cortes. It appears that if the national property continue to sell as it has done, there will be upwards of 16,000,000,000 reals to pay 5,500,000,000 of debt. An honest government will soon set all to rights in Spain. We augur well of the North, from the number of monks said to be seeking an asylum in France.

*Louisa Brachman.*—Louisa Brachman, a German lady, the Poetess of Love, as she is called, and deservedly, by some of her countrymen—one of the many enlightened women who have for some time past largely contributed by their literary exertions to the amusement, instruction, and refinement of the Germans, and well known to all readers of German periodical literature, has recently terminated her existence. It is supposed (say the German journals), in the manner of Sappho; and for the same cause. She was on a visit to a family at Halle, in Saxony, and suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace of whither she had fled. We are induced to hope that the above supposition is erroneous.

and that a young and lovely woman may have found some more appropriate place to conceal herself from the world than the cold and unrelenting grave.

**One Miracle.**—Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs relates, that while in Spain, he was shown a man who had served seven years as door-keeper in a Cathedral, without a leg, but recovered that limb merely by the rubbing of some holy oil on the stump. The Cardinal is positive he saw him with two legs. This miracle was vouched by all the Canons of the Church, and all the inhabitants of Saragossa, were appealed to for a confirmation of the fact!

**Monsters in Paris.**—Some instances of that species of crime, which a few years ago filled the capital with terror, and the perpetrators of which must be as depraved as ferocious, have lately occurred in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. We allude to those deliberate and brutal attacks which appear to be specially directed against a weak and timid sex—in a word, we mean the *Piqueurs*. During the evening of Monday last, three young ladies were wounded in the lower part of their bodies, between six and half past six o'clock. The first victim of brutality was Mademoiselle Adeline, residing with her relation, Madame Briet, No. 15, Rue St. Marc. She was attacked opposite the perfumery warehouse, known by the name of the *Cloche d'Or*. The wound was nearly an inch broad, and very deep, and appeared to have been made by a sharp instrument of the shape of a *grattoir*. The second young lady was also dreadfully wounded by a sharp instrument, opposite No. 19, Rue Neuvedes-petites-Champs. We have obtained correct information respecting the dress of the wretch who committed this last crime: he was very well-dressed, and in black. This circumstance is very important, because, unfortunately, it tends to prove that there exists more than one monster capable of committing the atrocity; for the brute who attacked the third young lady, according to the description of him given by his victim, wore a blue riding dress, and had a helmet cap on his head. This young lady was attacked whilst turning from Rue de Richelieu into Rue St. Honore, on her way home after having dined with an aunt. The wound which she received was so deep and dangerous, that it was found necessary to convey her, in a state of insensibility, into the house of M. Maurissat, engraver to his Majesty, where she received attention from the wife and daughter of that artist. The unfortunate young lady is twenty years of age. The wound is an inch and a half in depth, and an inch in breadth. Professional gentlemen have declared that if the instrument had penetrated in a more direct line, the crural artery must have been divided, in which case death would have been inevitable. The young lady has been removed to her father's in the most deplorable state.—*Paris Paper*.

**Napoleon's Books.**—Soon after the demise of Napoleon, some books which had been supplied by his Majesty's Government for the prisoner's use, were taken from the executors by Sir Hudson Lowe. They have been since brought to England and purchased from an authority in the Colonial Office by Martin Bossange and Co. in Great Marlborough-street. Amongst them are several which are covered with remarks in Napoleon's hand writing, especially a map in Bruce's Travels to discover the source of the Nile, and a Work of Volney. To what fund was the produce of this curious sale applied?—*Morning Chronicle*.

**Antiseptic Quality of Sugar.**—Dr. McCulloch, of Edinburgh, has ascertained that the antiseptic quality of sugar is sufficient to preserve Fish in the most excellent condition. He states that this substance is so active, that Fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone, and even with a very small quantity of it. He has thus kept salmon, whittings, and cod, for an indefinite length of time; and by this simple means fresh fish may be kept in that state some days, so as to be as good when boiled as when just caught. It is added that "if dried and kept free from mouldiness, there seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much better in this way than when salted. The sugar gives no disagreeable taste. This process is particularly valuable in making what is called Kipperd

Salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or smoked. If desired, as much salt may be used as to give the taste that may be required; but this substance does not conduce to their preservation. In the preparation, it is barely necessary to open the fish, and to apply the sugar in the muscular part, placing it in a horizontal position for two or three days, that this substance may penetrate. After this it may be dried; and it is only further necessary to wipe and ventilate it occasionally, to prevent mouldiness. A table spoonful of brown sugar is sufficient in this manner, for a salmon of five or six pounds weight; and if salt is desired, a tea spoonful or more may be added. Saltpetre may be used instead, in the same proportion, if it is desired, to make the kipper hard."

**South American Provinces.**—The philanthropist and political economist must derive equal gratification from observing the rapid progress making by the South American provinces towards the attainment of a high rank in the scale of nations. Already has steam navigation extended round Cape Horn, and the Lancasterian system of education is diffusing the seeds of knowledge throughout the provinces of Brazil and La Plata, where the elegancies and comforts of modern life are introduced among a people who, only fifteen years ago, were slaves to the rude customs and antiquated prejudices arising from ignorance and intolerance. These invaluable results proceed from that most important of national advantages—unrestricted commerce, which again becomes more and more extended by the re-action consequent of an improved state of society. This is exemplified in a remarkable degree by the state of Buenos Ayres, which now enjoys the blessings of a wise and liberal government, and, as capitals of the southern provinces of (or deviant) Spanish America, carries an active commercial intercourse with every part of the globe. To facilitate these extensive operations, a Bank has been formed (on the model of the bank of England) under the directions of seven eminent British merchants, three of whom are British subjects, and being likewise under the auspices of Government, great advantages are to be expected from the establishment. It is most ardently to be desired that our Ministers may not much longer delay to acknowledge the independence of that country.—*Belfast Newspaper*.

**The Infamous John Bull.**—One of the latest numbers of the infamous John Bull, (which is now, we understand, in circulation, just half, what it was six months ago), is dedicated to the traduction of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Morgan. The rural excursions undertaken by the former for the benefit of his health, furnish the occasion for the ribaldry of which he is the object. There is nothing in the world of real occurrences to supply an excuse for the slander levelled at our own renowned countrywoman, and therefore the libellers resort to fiction. They caricature and turn into as much ridicule as possible an affecting account, that appeared in some of the papers of the recent tragedy in Paris, in which the four conspirators were the victims. This they say was drawn up by an eye-witness and a lady. But what lady who could so write, had an opportunity of witnessing the scene of blood? They inform the lovers of scandal, who are their readers, that the holder of the graphic pen, as well as the eye-witness, was no other personage than Lady Morgan—a describer, from observation, of recent transactions in Paris, who has not been out of Dublin for many months! This, however, is what is called fun—and the admirers of it are said to be able still to make good almost a Bishop's income for the reward of this base pander to their baser appetites.—*Dublin Weekly Messenger*.

**Setting Property on Fire.**—The crime of maliciously setting property on fire, appears to make lamentable progress in Wiltshire. A fourth instance of this sort occurred on Wednesday, (October 9,) when a fire was discovered in the rick-yard of Mr. Bake, of Ford, about two miles north of Salisbury, and though an alarm was immediately spread, and assistance soon procured, 50 quarters of barley, 20 quarters of vetches, and about 100 tons of hay, were destroyed before the flames could be extin-

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guished. Fortunately there was very little wind at that time, or property to the amount of several thousand pounds must inevitably have become a prey to the flames.

*State of Ireland.*—The papers from the south and centre of the kingdom, continue to present the same image of menace, or of actual disturbance. The combination against Tithes appears to be pretty general, and has spread, we understand, from Cork and Tipperary into Waterford and Kilkenny. In Limerick there have been some outrages, but not as considerable in extent as those of the neighbouring counties. Yet we have it on the authority of a gentleman, on whose opinion, (founded, as we know it to be, on habits of accurate observation,) we feel disposed to rely, that there is a silent fermentation in that county, an apparent quietness of purpose maturing, which threatens this devoted district with the most direful calamities. A singular alteration has occurred in the manners and habits of the peasantry. There is little drinking, and no fighting at fairs. There are no committals for a breach of the peace at these places. They assemble, they confer, and they depart as quietly as at an English, or even a Scottish market. This, we repeat it, is a formidable state of affairs at any time in this county, but at this moment particularly dangerous.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

*Mr. Owen.*—We are, we confess, as yet, among the sceptics. But upon one point, there can be no doubt namely, the benevolence and enthusiasm of this extraordinary man. We look with more than curiosity for the development of this principle, and particularly for its application to the state of society in Ireland. Every one, indeed, is persuaded that something radical and decisive must be done for this country, to prevent our Peasantry from reverting into a state of total barbarism.

*Prussian Oath.*—The King of Prussia has framed an oath for his Clergy, in which his own government is very handsomely spoken of. His Majesty reminds us of Swift's Lord Peter, "By God it is true, good natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market; and God confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise." The swearing to the excellence of his Majesty's government and constitution, will not make those on whom the oath is imposed think one whit the better of them.

*Scottish Sacrament.*—Not fifty years ago, a dissenting clergyman in the South of Scotland, who belonged to a most respectable body, before dispensing the sacrament in a very small, though on that occasion a very crowded meeting house, debarred from partaking of it, all those magistrates who were not duly elected; all those ministers who did not preach the gospel; all those men who refused to pay taxes to support a lawful government, and all those who did so to support an unlawful one; all those who indulged in polygamy, or having two wives at one time! and all those who did not marry, whose duty it was to do so.

*Highland Sports.*—The Glengarry Games were held last week at Duncanroy. At these sports Glengarry presided in all his glory; and had the field almost wholly to himself, the other judges probably conceiving themselves ill qualified to decide in matters which lay altogether between the Chief and the gentleman of his tail. Its best features were sported upon this memorable occasion; and it is but fair to own that it swept all before it. The manly sports and exercises of Highlanders are admirable things of their kind, when kept in their own place. At Duncanroy the spectators must have enjoyed the throwing of the hammer, potting the stones, &c. and even the foot race, which was excellent, albeit Southern delicacy might turn up its nose at the rather paradisaical costume of the runners. Eight of these Athletæ started—not absolutely in Macan's nightgowns, whatever may be whispered among the ladies—but in shirts of rather ample dimensions, considering the comparatively recent adoption of this Saxon luxury in our country. The airy and well ventilated vestments in question, proved however their high antiquity in various ways, and besides bore ample tokens of having seen abundant service since last year's great bucking washing at Invergarry. But, shirts or no shirts, the fellows ran admirably, four of them coming in skelpin-

naked, after having completed their eight miles in 50 minutes. The tail, we regret to state, rather failed in "lifting the stone," a Garry pebble of some 18 stones weight, to be lifted and thrown over a bar placed more than five feet from the ground. Some persons turned away, but for our own parts, we see no possible objection to such an amusement except the trifling hazard of a man rupturing a blood vessel, or breaking his back in attempting it. This feat of "lifting the stone" was—tell it not in Fortwilliam—accomplished by a mere stone-mason, after having foiled all the "pretty men" of Glengarry. We are not quite sure what Lord Erskine, Mr. Martin, and these sort of folks might say to another of our ancient sports, namely falling upon a cow, in the dead thraw, and manfully tearing the still reeking animal limb from limb; by dint of muscular strength. Some persons were, we saw squeamish enough to be shocked by this exhibition, and did not scruple to use the epithets, "brutal, disgusting," and so forth. We would assure such persons that the three cows produced were, at any rate stunned by a blow of the sledge hammer, before the muscular competitors began to wrench at their joints; and it is but reasonable to think that some little remaining animal heat may be necessary, since it does facilitate this difficult operation. Even the most expert of the operations took from four to five hours in rugging and riving, tooth and nail, before they brought off the limbs of one cow. This achievement was paid at the rate of five guineas a joint, so that we hope this rise in the value of black cattle, will make the Glengarry men some small amends for the fall of ewes and widders at Falkirk Tryst lately noticed by their Chief. We understand that Glengarry has it in contemplation to give, next year, an additional 5s. a-joint, to the man who shall first eat up the raw limb he has torn off, allowing "mountain dew," ad libitum, to wash down the hair.—*Inverness Courier.*

*Anecdote of Mr. Wilkes.*—The present Lord Mayor, anxious to restore the good old times, is very fond of repeating the following anecdote. "At the commencement of a public dinner at Guildhall, Wilkes lisped out—'Mr. Alderman B—H, shall I help you to a plate of turtle or a slice of the haunch? I am within reach of both.'—'Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, Sir,' replied the Alderman, 'I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon, which are at this end of the table.' 'Mr. Alderman A—n, which would you chuse, Sir?' continued the Chamberlain, 'Sir I will not trouble you for either for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother B, and dine on beans and bacon,' was the reply. On this second refusal, Wilkes rose, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, called 'Silence,' which being obtained, he then addressed the Chair,—'My Lord Mayor, the wicked have branded us with the imputation of gluttony; that they may be put to open shame, I humbly move that your Lordship command the proper Officer to record in our annals—that two Aldermen of the City of London prefer Beans and Bacon to either Venison or Turtle Soup!' The worthy Mayor is no parson—no finger post that points the way it never travels—for what he preaches, he practises, and as far as in him lies, would make the whole Court of Aldermen do the same, for the honour of the City, to follow precedent, and to avoid the odious charge of gluttony—and all other charges!

*The Cossacks.*—Whenever a quarrel among the Cossacks causes them to combat each other, they fight as in England, with their fists, and never with knives, daggers, or any sharp instrument. This practise is so established a characteristic of that people, that it gave rise to a very remarkable wager. Toploff and Gelagin, two of the late Empress Catharine's Privy Councillors happened to be in her presence when it was told her that a Cossack Priest then a Monk in the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, had been arrested for cutting the throat of a young woman with whom he had quarrelled; upon which Toploff offered to wager with Gelagin that the Monk was not a Cossack. The bet was made, and won by Toploff, the monk proving to be a Russian. Upon being questioned how he could possibly divine the probable success of his wager; "because," said he, "no Cossack would strike a woman; or if he did, he would use his hand and not a knife."

*South America.*—It is conjectured that the destination of the SERINGAPATAM, REDWING, and GRECIAN, is connected with the present state of affairs in South America, where, from the contending state of parties the British interests may require protection; and also with the piracies committed in our commerce in the American and West Indian seas, particularly at Cuba. The above ships are to go direct to Bahia. The SERINGAPATAM is fitted on the main deck with wrought iron gun-carriages, manufactured according to the plan of Mr. Pering. They combine numerous advantages, being lighter than those made of wood, affording much more air and room between decks, not to be splintered, are easily taken in pieces, and stowed away below if necessary, thus enabling spare carriages to be taken to sea, which could not be effected with the wooden ones, are worked with two men less to a gun, and their durability, when compared to those of elm, is very obvious.

*Whimsical Anecdote.*—A circumstance which, when related to us by a good mimic, excited our risibility in a high degree, and struck us as scarcely less ludicrous than the celebrated story of *Monsieur Tonson*, occurred some time ago at a Circuit Court of Justiciary, and in the presence of a Judge whose peculiarities of temper and manner are more than compensated by his many amiable and excellent qualities. Their Lordships and suit had just met, and were proceeding to investigate rather an interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a knocking at the outer Court door. Again and again the shrill tongued Macer ejaculated "Silence, silence there!" to little or no purpose; when the Judge exclaimed, "What's the meaning of all that noise? Macer, officers, what are you about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle-shuffling?" Officer. "It's a man, my Lord."—Judge. "A man, what man, Sir? Who, where is he, and what does he want?" Officer. "He's at the outside, please your Lordship, and wants to get in."—Judge. "Well, keep him out, keep him out, I say, Sir."—The Officer bowed or nodded assent, and the business of the Court proceeded. By and by, however, an individual possessing the right of *entree*, walked into the hall of justice, and "the man," watching his opportunity slipped in at the same time. By a levity and restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well in, till he wished to get out again. With this he began to jostle every body near him—a proceeding which not only created a new hubbub, but drew forth a fresh rebuke.—Judge. "What's all this now! Even if my ear were as sharp as that of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying." Officer. "It's the man, my Lord."—Judge. "What the same man?" Officer. "The verri same!"—Judge. "Well, what does he want now?" Officer. "He wants to get out, please your Lordship."—Judge. "Wants to get out! Then keep him in—keep him in, I say, Sir."—The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering man was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, therefore, and elbowing his way to an open window, he mounted on what is called the *sole*, and appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer again caught the Tartar, and, again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His Lordship appeared angry (as well he might), and a third time exclaimed, "What's the matter now? Is there to be no end to this?" Officer. "It's the man, my Lord."—Judge. "What! the same man again? Show me the fellow, and I'll man him."—The Officer here pointed to a respectable-looking individual, who, as he said, "had crupper up on the window sole, and wanted to get down again." Judge. "Upon the window sole! Well, keep him up—keep him up, I say, Sir, if it should be to the day of judgment," (perhaps his Lordship meant the *hour* of judgment.)—It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and that the incorrigible man, while held in durance on the window sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at the bar."—*Dumfries Chronicle*.

*Singular Discovery of a Murder.*—(Extract of a Letter from Novogored.)—"What I am now going to relate to you might almost pass rather for the fiction of some idle brain, than for a real event, and yet the truth of its well known, and attested by respectable authority. A nobleman in this province being out hunting with several other nobleman, perceived in a forest a bear, with a muzzle on, tied to a tree; the animal appeared to be very tame, and by his wailings indicated that something particular was the matter with him. The nobleman gave orders to untie him from the tree, on which the bear, led by a countryman with a rope immediately ran to a neighbouring spot, and began very eagerly to scratch up the ground; the creature only wanted language to show that something, which nearly concerned him, was here buried. The possibility of this was evident to the nobleman, and he ordered his people to dig up the spot pointed out by the bear, which considered of very loose earth.—To the no little astonishment and horror of all present, they soon found two dead bodies covered with blood, which appeared to have been very recently interred, whose wounds the bear, with a lamentable howling, began to lick, making the persons who stood around understand, by a very singular look, that they should remove the bodies. They made a bier of young trees on which they laid the bodies to convey them to the next village. The bear, still led by a peasant, goes first, and seems to follow, like a dog, a scent that he has of the murderers of his masters. He is suffered to take his own way; and they soon reach a village on the skirts of the forest, when he halts at the door of a cottage, and his former wailing is changed to a dreadful roaring. This induces the nobleman to call together the male inhabitants, and place them in a certain order, thinking, perhaps, by the help of the bear to discover the murderers, as of course all deny any knowledge of the deed. The people belonging to the hut, before which the bear stopped, also came up from another side, and scarcely had they, according to the nobleman's desire, placed themselves with the others, when the bear, with a dreadful howl, rushed upon two tall fellows, whom only the animal's muzzle saved from his fury. He was removed from them by force, but the persons so singularly accused were immediately subjected to a strict examination. They confessed all; the two bear leaders who had money about them, had been murdered by them in the forest, and hastily buried; the hunting horn of the party having made them fly precipitately, leaving the bear tied to the tree, by which the discovery of the murder was effected in a manner almost incredible, and the criminals were delivered into the hands of justice, and will be brought to the punishment which they so justly deserve."

*Remains of a Roman Villa.*—The remains of a Roman Villa, with a fine tessellated pavement, have been recently re-discovered between Farley Castle and Ilford, Somersetshire. In 1689 specimens were sent from this spot to Oxford Museum, but it has long lain undisturbed. Some small coins with the name of Tetricus have recently been found.

*Greenland.*—It is stated in a Liverpool Journal, that Captain Soerresby (who has just returned from the fishery) was within sight of the long-lost coast of East Greenland during three months, and surveyed it from lat. 75 N. to 69, an extent, including its many indentations, of about 800 miles. From the number of inlets, Captain S. is of opinion, that the whole is a cluster of islands, rather than one Continent. He landed on various parts of the coast, and where every observed recent traces of inhabitants, brought away pieces of their implements, &c. besides plants, minerals, and geological specimens. It is, (adds the account) important to geography to know, that the form of this land is extremely unlike its delineations on the best Charts, and that the error in longitude was found to be in most instances not less than 15°.

*Barbarous Pun.*—A gentleman, much struck by the beauty of a Barmaid, asked his friend if he knew any thing about her. Why, yes, said he, I believe she is an odd Fish. "I suppose then, (rejoined the lover,) you mean that she is a *Bar-bell*, and difficult to be caught."

# MISCELLANEOUS.

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## Trade of Hayti.

(From the Boston Patriot of Sept. 7.)

By an official document, published during a past session of Congress, exhibiting a statistical view of the commerce of the United States with foreign powers, for the year ending 30th of Sept., 1821, it appears that Hayti ranks the fifth in importance and value as to imports—the sixth as to domestic exports; and as to the amount of American tonnage entered into the United States, she stands in the fourth class. And here it might not be irrelevant to show, from the same document, the value of the American commerce to all the provinces of South America, placed in comparison with that of the single island of Hayti. It will be admitted that this estimate of the commerce with the South American provinces for the last year is not by any means a fair criterion of what the true value of it will be to this country, after their independence has been recognized, and their domestic commotions shall have subsided. But yet the same reasoning may be applied to Hayti. The value of the trade with that country, presuming [the same measures to be taken, would be enhanced in the same ratio.

It will be seen, from the document before alluded to, that for the year there named the total value of imports in American and foreign vessels was—

From Hayti.....	2,246,257
From Spanish and South American Colonies.....	1,114,117
From Brazil and Portuguese A. Colonies.....	605,126
	— 1,719,243
Difference.....	527,014

The domestic exports in American and foreign vessels for the same time, was

To Hayti.....	1,740,383
To Spanish and South American Colonies.....	609,176
To Portuguese, &c. ....	885,348
	— 1,393,524
Difference.....	346,859

In foreign exports to these ports the balance is rather against Hayti.

The amount of American tonnage entered into the United States stands thus—

Hayti.....	49,139 tons.
Spanish, South American, &c. ....	13,838
Portuguese, &c. ....	10,899
	— 24,437
Difference.....	24,702 tons.

Of foreign tonnage entered into the ports of the United States, there was—

From Hayti.....	980 tons.
Spanish and Portuguese Colonies.....	603 tons.

Another view in which the trade with Hayti will more favourably appear, may be shown in comparing it with our commerce to the other West India islands. It will be found that the value of the imports and exports to and from Hayti is vastly superior to those to and from the dominions of any other powers in the West Indies, putting Cuba out of the question. As, for instance, the whole value of the imports from the West India possessions of Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Great Britain, France, and Spain (excluding Cuba) was 4,910,221; Hayti, 2,246,257, giving Hayti nearly one half of the whole imports. The exports, foreign and domestic, in the same period, to all the West Indies (except Cuba) amounted to 4,415,406; to Hayti, 2,270,601, giving Hayti more than half.

If we add together all the imports from the colonies of Sweden, Holland, and Great Britain, Hayti nearly equals them. The imports from all those islands amounting to 2,399,412; Hayti as before stated.

The value of the exports, both foreign and domestic, to those same islands is 1,598,371; whereas to Hayti the amount was 2,270,601; so that Hayti exceeds them by 762,231.

The value of imports from the Swedish, Dutch, and Spanish islands exclusive of Cuba, is 2,098,682, inferior in amount to Hayti. The exports to the same places are also less in amount. It may here be remarked, that for the last three years the commerce with Hayti has been of tenfold greater value to us than any other island in the West Indies, except Cuba. From these facts a reasonable calculation may be formed of the profit which this branch of trade might be made to produce to this country. If that people were properly considered, and their resources fairly drawn out, the value of our trade to this island would be doubled in two year at least. In the above estimate it ought to be considered

that Hayti does not receive the due credit for the whole commerce that is carried on between her and the United States. It must be taken into view that many vessels within the last year have taken clearances for the West Indies generally; that many vessels clear out for the ports of St. Bartholomew, Porto Rico, St. Thomas, &c. and afterwards proceed to Hayti with their cargoes. A great part of these outward cargoes are consumed in Hayti, and should properly be added to the account of domestic exports to that island. In considering, then, as every American merchant should do, the great importance of this commerce, reference ought to be made to the actual condition of that country, its resources, and the certainty that its trade must in a short time be greatly enhanced in value.

## The Nile and the Niger.

[Though M. Cailliand states that the information he obtained respecting the White River, afforded insufficient data whereon to found conclusions respecting the Nile and Niger; yet the following hypothesis of his correspondent and annotator, M. Jomard, upon that interesting geographical problem, is worthy of consideration.]

We must notice the judicious reserve of M. Cailliand on the reports which he has collected respecting the communication between the Nile and the Niger.\* It is very true that all the blacks agree in this point; but has it been clearly ascertained what we are to understand by this communication? Why should it not be merely the continuity or ramification of several valleys, all filled by great streams of water or by lakes? Why should not the Mountains of the Moon, a vast plateau, whence the White River seems to issue, to throw itself on the east into Nubia, contain in the high waters, a great lake like that of Dambia, from which the Blue River issues? From this lake, then, and on the back of the plateau, some river would flow to the west: such as the Bahr Kulla, or any other, falling into the Wangara or some similar mass of waters, which, on the other side, would receive the Dialliba, (Joliba,) in such a country, evaporation would suffice to absorb the excess of water; and when in very rainy season he did not suffice to carry off the superabundant supply, the result would be a kind of inland sea, which would be the origin of the name of the Bahr-el Soudan (the sea of Soudan.) Hence also the discrepancy which is noticed in the accounts of the blacks, respecting the great extent or to the narrower limits of these basins, which are sometimes reduced to mere marshes. Now what hinders us from admitting, that the Moors the Marabouts the Bambaras, and other blacks, who have traversed Africa may have gone down the Dialliba, crossed the interior lakes, ascended one of the rivers which issue from Gebel-Koumri to the west to descend afterwards the Bahr-el Abyad? In this supposition there appears nothing contrary to geography, or to the general laws of the organization of the globe; whereas, in the opinion which is ascribed to the blacks (improperly in my own opinion) every thing is in opposition to the natural laws. We must suppose a single river, with a course of two thousand leagues, the absence of a great longitudinal chain proper to each continent, a declivity next to nothing; and what is still more inadmissible, an elbow, forming an acute angle, in the very middle of the course of this pretended Nile. Another consideration, not less striking, is this: Whoever has studied the regime of flowing waters, knows that the inclination of a river goes on decreasing from the source to the mouth according to a certain law. If we know this inclination at one point, it is easy to infer that it is must be greater above this point, and much greater at the source. Now, this is the case with the Nile. The French observed its inclination at Cairo, and in the Thebais. At the mean height of the water at Cairo, the inclination of the current is seven inches in a league; at Syene above thrice as much. What must this inclination be at Dongola, Sennar, and the Mountains of the Moon? Would it be possible merely to calculate it a thousand leagues farther, unless we should imagine that, in the whole of this vast space the Dialliba, and the waters that succeed it are wholly on a level: but this idea would be controverted by all our information, and especially by Mungo Park having found at Sego a great inclination in the river which he saw, which ought to be the case according to the general law just laid down. Therefore, I think, we cannot hesitate between the hypothesis of a pretended Nile, issuing from the mountains of Kong, in the 8th degree of the west longitude, and the supposition of a certain continuity of the valleys of the Dialliba, the Bahr-Kulla (or some other) and the Bahr-el-Abyad, perhaps united together, when the waters are high, by lakes and large accumulations of water; this would explain the course of water to the east in the 8th degree of west longitude to 10. east longitude, the course of water to the west from 22. to 12. east longitude, and, lastly, the course of the White River to the east. Let us not forget however that this is but a plausible hypothesis, and let us wait for proofs.—Jomard.

\* We know for certain on this subject, one thing only—namely, that at Sego a great river has been seen flowing to the east; another thing which is very probable is that the principal branch of the Nile issues from mountains situated to the west of Abyssinia.

**Oxalic Acid.**

[The following letter is not at all too severe on the persons to whom it refers: we should not be sorry to see one of these careless vendors of poison put on his trial for manslaughter.]

Sir,

To the Editor of the Times.

It seems almost to no purpose, that individuals protest against the unwarrantable and criminal mode that medicine is permitted to be vended to the public. Instance after instance occurs of its fatal effects: coroners, juries, and disinterested parties of all descriptions unite in reprobating the practice of confiding to mere boys the responsible, situation of dispensing drugs; and plans and modes of preventing a recurrence are suggested, so simple and intelligible by the vender and buyer, that it comes upon us with additional indignation and astonishment when a similar case occurs. I do not intend to enter into particulars, which at first present themselves, because they must occur to every one; viz., the heavy and irretrievable loss sustained by the family of the deceased in all those cases—the heart rendering affliction to a wife and children, may be conceived by every person of feeling, but what makes that affliction doubly aggravating is, the thought which must often occur, that if it had not been for this criminally accidental circumstance, the party might have been yet alive. The fatal accident occurs in most cases from the contracted and narrow minded system of some petty apothecary, who, to save himself the expense of maintaining a regularly bred assistant, (some 60l. per annum), employs a boy behind his counter of no education at all, in the first instance and who never heard the name of a drug mentioned, till he was called upon all at once to take upon himself the mixed calling of sweeping the shop and pavement, cleaning the windows and bottles, and at the intervals of these labours, dispensing to his Majesty's subjects medicines, upon which health or sickness, life or death are to depend. I do not advance this to you as a speculation, but I know it to be the fact; and although you only hear of the more aggravated cases which occur, yet there are numberless ones which never meet the eye, which happen from mistakes in the weights, &c.: for probably Mr. Editor, you may have been unfortunate enough in your own family to have had need of medical advice, and in the perusing the prescriptions you would observe that the distinction of the figure which denotes a drachm and by that which means an ounce are very slight. I have known the larger used for the smaller one by accident. I will inform you what occurred in my own family two winters back. I had a fine little fellow seized with a sudden inflammation in the chest, and which effected his throat, called by the physician who attended him "a croupy affection." A blister was ordered, and the apothecary calling in the evening, left it, with orders how to apply it. I suggested that it might be as well to dust it over with powder of cantharides, as it might assist its drawing, to which he consented; and he also advised a small quantity of *set prunella* in power to be mixed in his drink, which was barley-water. As he was not going immediately home, he wrote with a pencil for both of these articles, and I sent the servant to his house for them. Now, Mr. Editor, it will bear upon what I have stated above—she brought these to powders most delicately mixed together, and had I not providentially (I say it in the most unqualified sense of the word) been at home, my little boy had never seen the ensuing day; for he had left word that the white powder was to be dissolved in his drink; and the quantity of the cantharides was so small that it was only from my being in a small degree conversant with medicine that I discovered the error. Now, Sir, no young man fitted for that situation would have sent out such a powder without knowing what it was intended for, or how to be applied. I could expatiate more upon this subject, and illuminate you and your readers with some of the lights which are not suffered to shine out of these poison shops, but your paper is too valuable to expect more indulgence than I have already requested; but I think every parent ought in some degree to become acquainted with common medicines, and then it is not likely they will require medical aid, except for diseases with which of course they ought not to interfere. It is not uncommon for the poorer classes to ask for a pennyworth of antimonial wine for an emetic. Now a pennyworth depends upon the liberality of the dispenser; and my cook once received such an unsparing pennyworth, that I am sure she will never ask for quite so much again as long as she lives; and that, too, was dispensed by one of these ignoramuses. But I am led from my object. As several modes of preventing a recurrence of such fatal errors have been at different times advanced, but most of them concluding with recommending that the oxalic acid be coloured, or that poison be written on the parcel. I would suggest, Mr. Editor, a far sater one, and that is, that the owner of the shop should lock up in a cupboard in his shop, all articles liable to such mistakes—arsenic, which has been given as powdered cream of tartar, corrosive sublimate, opium, and oxalic acid; and let him, and him alone, keep the key. As for writing poison upon them, I wish Mr. Surgeon Hollock would inform us how he knows that we may depend upon such a thing being done; and how is it likely that poison will be written upon a parcel which is sold for Epsom salts, and

very often sold by nrich's who cannot write at all? As for colouring it, the idea is quite absurd; for the acid is a destroyer of almost all colour, and is almost always bought for that purpose—that is, to clean boot tops. The mode I have mentioned is the only sure one, and I do not believe that the salt was ever yet sold in error, by any one competent to vend medicines generally; and therefore it ought to be punishable; and I trust the public may yet be informed where the last stated article was sold, that the party may suffer for their ignorance and parsimony. W.

P. S. I will state to you the treatment ordered by A. T. Thomson, in his work on poisons:—"administer, as soon as possible after the poison has been taken, a mixture of chalk and water, and then evacuate the oxalate of lime thus formed, by exciting vomiting by copious dilution, and by irritating the fances."

**The Stuarts.**

(From a late Edinburgh publication.)

Early in the year 1567, Darnley, who had been afflicted with small pox at Glasgow, was brought to Edinburgh, and lodged in a house near the city wall, belonging to Robert Balfour the provost. It was situated near the south-east corner of the present College of Edinburgh, at the south gate. The place was then called the Kirk of Field, and there were only a few paltry huts within a considerable distance of Balfour's house, which had a set of gardens in its vicinity. In this solitary lodging, Darnley was placed—with what views, and from what motives, the readers of history must determine for themselves.

About Candlemas, immediately after the King was lodged at the Kirk of Field, the Earl of Bothwell invited John Hepburn, of Bolton to sup with him at his apartments in the Abbey. The servants having left them in Bothwell's chamber, they got into conversation on the affairs of the court.

"There is an purpose (said Bothwell) devised amongst some of the noblemen, and me amongst the rest, that the king shall be slain, and that every one of us shall send two servants for the doing thereof, either in the fields or otherwise, as he may be apprehendit;—you are a man of activeness, will ye be one of the enterprysers for me?"

God forbid—but if it were upon the open field, to fight with your Lordship unto the death, I should not fear my skin cutting.

Tush, Ormiston,—ye need not take fier of this, for the heill lord has concludit the samen langsyne in Craigmiller, all that was there with the Queen; and nane dare find fault with it quhan it shall be done."

"That is an evil purpose, (said Hepburn;) and yet, because I am a cousin and servant of your Lordship, I will do as others do, and put hand to it." Upon which, with pledges of secrecy and friendship, they parted and agreed to meet again next morning.

Meanwhile, John Hay, of Tallo, having called at Bothwell's chamber, they got into conversation over their cups.

"John (said the Earl,) this is the matter,—the King's destruction is devisit, and I maun reveal it unto you, for an I put not him down, I cannot have a life in Scotland; he will be my destruction, and I reveal this to thee as to my friend; and gif you reveal it again, it will be my destruction, and I shall seek thy life first."

"Hush!"—James Ormiston entered the chamber at that moment; and, after doing justice to the hospitality of Bothwell, they retired, having made an appointment to return early next morning, which they did accordingly, when James Hepburn, and Ormiston "of that ilk," was present.

Bothwell again broke the matter to them, and described the plan which he had devised for the slaughter of the King.

"The powder maun be laid in the house under the King's chamber, where the Queen seld lye,—in an barrill, gif it may be gott within the barrill,—and the barrill shall have an hole in the nether end thereof, and an tree hollit and bowkit and aae train put to the hole of the barrill, and lunt thereupon, which sall be fyrit at the far end; and the unfyrit end laid in the hole of the barrill in the pulder: This will do his business, and blaw him to the bits, and cannier than sticken him out bye."

This pious project was acceded to by all, and two trunks of powder were brought from Dunbar to the Earl's lodging in the Abbey. At "four hours afternoon" next Sunday, they all met in the Earle Bothwell's nether-house in the Abbey, when it was agreed that his Lordship should go up to the Laird of Ormiston's lodging in the Friars Wynd, on the south side, near the Netherbowport, as soon as it should be dark. Accordingly, Hay and Hepburn walked quietly up to Ormiston's stair-foot in Friars Wynd, where the Earl ordered Ade Murray to go to John Spence's, and remain there till he should come; and having then gone into Ormiston's chamber, they there found him belted in his night-gown, with his brother; and Hob Ormiston his kinsman. The brother was sent forth, and they then consulted what gait they should go the King's house, not having previously settled that point, although the Earl had ordered his servants, Will Pawrie and Paie Wilson, to carry

the powder up the south back of the Canon-gate to the bottom of Black-friars Wynd.

The party then proceeded down the wynd to the Blackfriars-gate, (how the High School Wynd,) and the Laird of Ormiston passed in through the old houses and walls, and opened the gate to Bothwell and the others. His Lordship and Hay walked up and down the Cowgate till Powrie and Wilson brought the powder, which was at two several times brought from the Abbey. The Laird of Ormiston and John Hepburn took the powder in at the gate, and the trunks in which it was carried were sent off the powder being put in bags, to be carried up through the yards to the King's house. Entrance was obtained to the lower house; the powder laid in a heap under the King's apartment, and the 'lunt' laid.

'Ye ken now what ye ha'e to do, when all is quiet, abone you; fyre the end of the lunt, and come your way,' said Ormiston to Hepburn; and the latter, with Hay, stood a little while after the others had gone out.

The Queen Bothwell, and other nobles, who had been visiting the King in his Chamber, having all gone to the Abbey, Bothwell returned again through the Friars-gate and the yards to the scene, of action, and enquired at Ormiston if they had done what he had bidden them. They said 'it was done.' 'And after my lord and they tarryit in the yaird ane lang tyme, and when my lord saw that the matter came not hastily to pass, he was angry, and wad have gone in himself to the house, and John Hepburn, stoppit him, saying, Ye need not.'

Bothwell said, 'I will not gang awa till I see it done,' 'and within an short space, it fyrit, my Lord, John Hepburn, and the rest being at the foot of the alley, in the yaird; and when they saw the house rising and heard the crack, they ran their way, and came down the wind fra the said Frier-yett.

Bothwell went up Blackfriars Wynd, and attempted to cross the city wall at Leith Wynd; but finding it too high, he raised the keeper of the gate,—passed down St. Mary's Wynd and the back of the Canon-gate to the Abbey, where he went to bed; Hay and Hepburn going to their lodgings in the Canon-gate, and the Ormistons returning to their own house.

The King and two servants were thus destroyed; his body having been blown up and thrown lifeless to a considerable distance by the explosion. An instant bustle arose all over the city, and in the palace; and the murder of the King was speedily announced to all the inhabitants, who were appalled by this new and fearful midnight murder.

### Came Rattle Snakes.

(From a new York Papers.)

Mr. Nalos, a Frenchman, while in North Carolina, attempted to procure some rattle snakes, for the purpose of making out a collection. But some of the observations and experiments he made, induced him to believe the possibility of taming this poisonous reptile; he finally made the trial, and has succeeded in a manner which is calculated to astonish every beholder. What is the process he employed, is unknown to us—he probably availed himself of the power, which a control over the appetite of the animal gives him—he dwells very much on the charms of music: while inflamed by hunger, and irritated by the application of hot iron, the creature is soothed and softened by a slow and plaintive strain.

Mr. N. has two rattle-snakes—the male, which is 4 feet 8 inches long, has 8 rattles to his tail, thus proving him to be 9 years old—he has had this snake four years. The female is much smaller, and has 5 rattles—she has been with him 33 months. So great is their docility, that he will take them up, after speaking a sort of jargon to them, and stroking down their backs, as if they were so many strings—he will make them crawl up his breast and face, caress and kiss him, coil round his neck, and while one of them is thus hanging around him, he will take up and exhibit the other. The perfect harmlessness of the reptile, and even attachment to his keeper is astonishing. Meanwhile Mr. N. is himself thoroughly at his ease—completely self-possessed, diverting the spectator with the exhibition of his snakes, or instructing them by his explanations. He says, he has no fears himself; for, independently of his command over the animal, he is satisfied he can cure the bite of it—of the remedy he makes no secret. Wash your mouth first with warm sweet oil, and then suck the wound—next, drink most copiously of the decoction of the snake-root, until it operates as a strong emetic.—This is the regimen he recommends, and which he believes, to be infallible.

There is no deception practiced upon you. He opens the mouth of the snake, and shows you his fangs. They are in the upper jaw alone—two on each side, and have the faculty of renewing themselves, in case they are drawn out by a violent blow—the fang is within the mouth, bent, sharpened, and sheathed like the claw of a cat, and turned towards the throat—the orifice through which the poison is ejected is a

small groove on the upper side of the fang, between its point and the upper curve—the poison bags lie at the roots of the fangs. But to remove all doubts of the poisonous qualities of these snakes being uninjured, Mr. N. proposes to have a public exhibition, when the snake will kill a young hare by a slight stroke, and then immediately devour him.

Perhaps no one has had so good an opportunity of studying the habits of the animal. His remarks will of course form a valuable addition to natural history. He is an intelligent man, and a memoir, may be expected from him when he arrives in Europe. The male snake has just cast his skin, and the new one is most beautiful. The tail has a fine glossy black. He says, they renew their skins every two months; three times in the year, perhaps from October to April, they remain torpid, and this function is suspended. Most probably, it varies in different snakes with the quantities of food they can obtain. M. N. generally feeds his once a week.

They have also a rattle every year after the first. They scarcely ever shake it but when they are strongly excited, or to strike the attention of the prey. He contends that the use of their rattles is to draw upon themselves the eyes of their victim, which generally consists of the fleetest animals, as birds, squirrels, &c. As soon as the eyes meet, he says the process of charming commences. He believes in this faculty, for he has seen it exemplified in a garden by his own snakes; the victim will hop, from bough to bough, and from rock to rock, overcome with apprehension, until approaching each other, the snake seizes him. He denies altogether, what some naturalists assert, the deleterious qualities of their breath—for he has often kissed them, and in blowing their breath upon him, he has found it uncommonly sweet.

Mr. N. has other snakes in his collection, as a wamoun snake, beautifully streaked, and so called after the Indian ornament; it is a small species of the Boa Constrictor, which winds itself round its prey, and kills not by poison but by stricture, it even squeezes the rattle snake to death. He has also the common black snake, and the lead coloured American adder, of the description of the flat heads. He has all these under the same command, exhibiting almost the same docility as the rattle snakes. The spectacle is not dangerous, nor even disgusting, and is well worthy the attention of the curious.

### Sketches of Society.

#### WINE AND WALNUTS; OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

##### CAPTAIN BAILIE'S TALE.

'Well, Sir, (said the Captain,) old Samuel Wale came down from Hampstead to dine with me—you know Sam and I have been cronies for half a thousand years. Poor Wale! he is growing grey-headed like myself. Sir, I remember when Sam fancied himself the Raphael of the empire. He used to talk of striking out such mighty works; but then said he, 'Alas! there is no motion for great undertakings, for there is no national pride touching the encouragement of works of art—or else,' flourishing with his *maut-stick*, 'I'd do! I'd do! I'd do!' My old friend Samuel, however, was an ingenious man, though not exactly a Raphael—but peace to his bones!

'The best thing Sam ever did—yes, it was indubitably his grandest work—was the sign of Shakspear—that which used to hang out, in a carved and gilt frame, on a finely ornamented iron-work, there at the corner above Old Drury Lane Theatre; and this, one would think, the *Fates*, to show that honest Samuel murmured not without a cause, in evil hour was hauled down by act of parliament, and fared the fate of many another lofty sign, by being left to perish at the door of a broker's shop.' Alas, poor Samuel!—ha—ha—ha—ha!—how it tickled the fancy of Gibbon, when one evening *Marchant*, in the simplicity of his heart, observed, 'It is not strange in an age like this, that there should be no great historian but yourself, and but late no greater historical painter than that Mister Samuel Wale!' Sir, when Gibbon told me this, though no laughter, God knows, was he—the little punchy man—yet he roared loud enough to scare the horses in the street.

'Faith, I have thought when I have seen old Samuel listening to the great historian, who occasionally read scraps of his manuscript to him, at the same time commenting, and asking, 'Would not that make a fine historical subject, Master Wale?' the old gentleman has drawn himself up, and looked as grand as Michael Angelo.

'Well, Sir, Wale went with me to Bondstreet, and there we found the great historian of the Roman Empire opening the shutter ever and anon, and looking up at the clouds as they galloped along, repenting him in sincerity of heart for having been fool enough to accept the engagement to go and visit Hamilton Jack—Come Sir, said I, are you ready?—'Why, Captain Bailie,' said he, ready, certainly I am—but willing I

\* This famous sign for many years stood at the door of *Mason*, the broker, in *Lower Grosvenor-street*.

cannot say, Sir; for somehow I do not feel altogether right—I fear we shall have a tempestuous night, and I have a perfect horror of the wind of late.—A mere affection of the nerves, said I. Sir, *Julius Caesar* had an antipathy for the wind, and so had Queen Elizabeth, Sir, but she did not care a curse for the rain. Now here's friend Wale will hold you down on the side, and your old friend the Captain on the other, and we will keep you from being carried away; and as for rain, there's not enough can squeeze itself through the wind to moisten a hungry Scotchman's spoonful of meal. Come, my friend, let me help you on with your cloak—a walk will brace you up; and I'll wager my life you'll be quite at home at Mortimer's.

"To be sure poor Mister Gibbon was not a little hypochondriac, and terribly afraid of venturing abroad at night. Ah, Sir! this is the way with your men of big minds—the firing off of a penny pop-gun will upset one of your mighty geniuses whilst in the thick of the fight which their imaginations are conjuring up, where the gods themselves are being pelted with mountain-tops by the clumsy-fisted giants.

"Now perhaps you'll think I did not seduce the historian from his darling papers—then you would think right. No, Sir, it is a maxim with me to lay hold of your nervous book men, and before they have time to muster a long file of reasons for staying at home, to drag them fairly out. Sir, I have shaken many a worthy out of these meagrimms, and have committed more frauds upon the rascally east wind than I shall ever be forgiven for in that quarter. O, Mister Eurus owes me a bitter grudge, and often way-lays me of a spring morning, and takes me by the nose!

"To be sure a man may pore and pore, until his nose become an ink-blotter, and his breech be petrified into a wooden stool—such have I known, Sir. My worthy friend Mister Gibbon used to shut himself up in that cursed old Bond-street, than which not even Dowgate-hill, with its everlasting rumblings was ever half so noisy, and fancy the god of Silence was keeping watch and ward—yes, and complain that all his friends had forsaken him. 'Here,' said he, 'Captain, am I sinking in Solitude in the heart of the gayest street in this mighty town. The truth is, he had the meagrimms so at times, that you might just as well be closeted with a speechless ghost—nay, worse than that, for these will speak again, old Aubrey says, when spoken to.

"Poor Merchant! many a *tête-à-tête* gossip had he and Gibbon, the which a man might write with half a dip of ink. Marchant, the good creature, used to pay him a visit of a winter's night to take his tea; and I have heard him say, 'I've sat from seven till ten and not hundred words have passed.' When going away, the learned historian would shake him by the hand, and say, 'I thank you kindly for this neighbourly look in—But for you, Mister Marchant, I should think myself buried alive!'

"But what is better still—by the powers, who shall discover the comical clockwork that regulates such strange machines! O, the oddities of your parts and learned scribes!—poor Marchant, who was the mildest, the most enduring of all among the ingenious I have known, used to say, 'I know, not how it is, my kind and worthy neighbour Mister Gibbon is never in a humor to talk of late, but when he is lighting me to the stair-head; when he seems roused from his reverie—or call it what you may—by the cold air, and getting me by the button, will begin—'Well, Mr. Marchant, but is there no news stirring?'—and there have I been kept until my teeth chattered in my head.

"Well, Sir, we got my historian out, and off we posted for Mortimer's; but touching the object of the expedition, he was as much abroad as the man in the moon—the devil a thought of the Duchess of Kingston or the caricature. No sooner had we reached Piccadilly then he was for returning home; when Master Wale, who knew his man, called a hackney-coach, and having caged our bird, away we drove for the Strand. To be sure, I shall not soon forget how it blew as we turned the corner into Norfolk-street; the tiles were rattling about, and a chimney-pot came crash upon the roof of the coach, which made the coachman observe, who was a humorous fellow, as we alighted a few paces from the spot—'It was lucky, gentlemen, that it should come rattling to us.'—'Why so, my friend?' said Wale.—'Why better by half, your honour, than we should go to pot.' A good specimen of English wit—hey, Sir? The devil a bit—Coachey was my countryman. The devil a bit—Coachey was my countryman!

"When Mister Gibbon stepped out, he rushed into the passage, pale as death. Sir, I've known your studious men so sensitive—so finely strung—such, Sir, as well as the pigs, will foretell a gale of wind for hours before you shall perceive the stirring of a leaf. Sir, the blood shall leave the fingers and the toes, as cold and lifeless as the chiselled marble of Ronbilliac—though that is a foolish figure, sure enough. The marble may be cold, but he would lie who called it lifeless. Well, Sir, my friend Mortimer received his distinguished guest with all the warmth of his noble heart; and seating him in a chair, opened the buffet, and poured him out a bumping glass of brandy. 'Come, Sir,' said he, 'I perceive your abhorrence of a storm.' Gibbon would have declined the dram; but Mortimer, with a civil sort of force, put the glass to his lips, and with his irresistible persuasiveness, tilted it into his mouth,

gayly accompanying the act with—'Take it off, take it off, my dear Sir—never fear!—it will fit you to face the devil!'

"Mister Gibbon, Sir, was the very man to feel the full force of this original frankness. The potent cordial and the kindness chased away the blue devils; and as soon as he had recovered his breath, he shook his lively host by the hand, saying, 'My dear Sir, if I had such a neighbour as you, I should soon become another man. Upon my word, Mister Mortimer, you have roused me—I have not felt so gay for many a day, and indeed I thank you from my heart.' When, listening to a sudden gust that swept some few more pantiles into the street, he exclaimed—'Heaven protect the mariner this tremendous night! How awfully the wind roars in your chimney!'

"'It is my delight,' said the enthusiastic painter, clapping his hands—'I would push out in a pater-boat,\* or cut off my tail and play the cockswain in old Mother Damnable's sieve, and steer her right before the wind all the way to Aleppo, drink a bowl of punch with the master of the Tiger, and anchor at Strand Lane before the watchman left his rounds!'

"Gibbon stared—Gibbon smiled—Gibbon laughed—yes, laughed outright, Sir, and well he might. Yes, Master Hamilton Jack was the man to shake you out of the spleen.

"'I have heard much of your reputation among the lovers of manly sports,' said Gibbon; 'but I must have known you to credit this. Upon my word, my gay friend, I have never until now comprehended in its best sense what it was that constituted your *chance spirit*, and now I have discovered it in you. I have been at sea, my dear Sir; and the time has been when I had the discretion, the nerve to hide my apprehensions, for I cannot say I always felt at ease. I could not now brave a seaman's life; on such night as this—No, (smiling as he said it) not even for a glorious cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. How am I to get home! (another roaring down the chimney,)—Surely, gentlemen, this is very awful!'

"'Home!—O, as for that,' said Mortimer, 'pray, Sir, do not let that trouble you—You shall remain here—that is, if you will do me so great an honour, and take a bed—or sit up, if you had rather. Mrs. Mortimer will make you up a bed in a twinkling.'

"'O, Mister Mortimer, I could not think I could not allow—'

"'God's my life, Sir, she is the best creature in the world. Here, my dear Master,' calling outside the door to his wife in the drawing-room—(this was his mode of addressing the delightful creature, who certainly was an *unique*)—'Dear Master, will you not provide me a warm bed for a great man?'

"'Fye, fye, Mister Mortimer!' said the modest historian.

"'Fye, fye,' repeated Jack—'Why, my good Sir, in the name of Heaven who would turn out such a night as this, who had no fancy for a storm? I'd never do what I did not like—No, Sir, I would not wait for tomorrow if I were an emperor! You shall be tucked in here to-night, my honoured Sir—that's *poszy-rozzy-tivo!*—And so he was.'

\* Mortimer kept a sailing-boat, and was one of the most skilful among the amateur sailors.

**Libel on the Durham Clergy.**—An authentic account of the trial of the King v. Williams, for a libel on the Durham Clergy, has been published, containing a more correct report of the admirable speech of Mr. Brougham than could be supplied in the first instance. The publication has been carefully got up by Mr. Williams, in a form which will preserve the genuine lineaments of this remarkable case for impartial posterity.

**Umbrella Trade.**—It appears by the quantity of whalebone taken by the trade here, that there are more umbrellas made in Manchester than in all the kingdom besides; the trade, its various branches, giving employment to upwards of 2,000 hands, a considerable portion of them being females, who do the work at home; and such is the effect of ingenuity and competition in reducing the prices of our manufactures, that we are assured many hundred dozens of umbrellas have lately been sold as low as 21s. per dozen. These, however, we apprehend, must be something like Peter Pindar's razors—made only for sale.—*Manchester Guardian.*

**Effect of Authority.**—In the reign of Louis XII. a scholar named la Fosse, a native of Abbeville, by continually reading and admiring the Greek and Latin writers, persuaded himself that it was impossible the religion of such great geniuses as Homer, Cicero, and Virgil, could be a false one. As he would not renounce his belief in Jupiter, he was burnt alive, by order of the Church, first having his tongue pierced and his hand cut off!

# LITERATURE

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## The Royal Jubilee.

*A Scottish Mask. By the Eltrick Shepherd. 8vo. pp. 42. Edinburgh. Wm. Blackwood; and London, T. Cadell. 1822.*

A dog, they say, may look at a King; and if this be so, there can be no good reason why a Shepherd may not write for one. He, of Eltrick, no doubt, felt this; and that his offering might be worthy of the attempt, has evoked all his creative powers to furnish forth a Mask fit for a Monarch. The dramatis personæ are no other than the Queen of the Fairies, with attendant Elves; the Genius of the Ocean, with sea Nymphs; the Genius of the Gael, with Highland Spirits (not Whiskey); the Genius of the West, with spirits of Covenanters; the genius of Holyrood, &c.; and, though last not least, Archy Campbell, the King's Officer, so potent in himself as to be unattended either by Elves, Spirits, Nymphs, or Constables, however easy it would have been for him to muster a posse of the latter two orders. These several personages, natural and supernatural, meet to concert measures for the appropriate reception of George IV. on his visit to the quondam "Canny Edinburgh," now the Modern Athens. The first that appears is the Genius of the Palace, who inquires—

Why all this commotion  
On land and on ocean?  
This shouting and knelling  
In my accient dwelling?

The smile so triumphant on cheeks that were faden,  
The proud step of youth and the bustle of maiden,  
This joy in the desolate hall of Duncaden?  
Ho, Echo! Great Spirit of rock and of forest,  
Who lovest to sleep sound when our griefs are the sorest,  
But now at the din round yon gandy caravel,  
Thou shakest thy old sides at the roat and the revel,  
Invisible mimic, whose home is the nearest,  
Awake and repeat me the strains that thou hearest.

(Some grand strains of distant music repeated by Echo.)

Bless thee, old Echo! full high is thy merit,  
Thou eyeless, aimless, bodiless spirit:  
Thou cliff-born changeling without guide.  
An ear and a tongue, and nothing beside.  
A raven, this moment, thou croak'st in thy cave;  
The next thou'rt a sounding breaking wave;  
The next a maiden singing of love;  
And the next a proud eagle yelling above;  
A stormy wind, or a clarion that rings  
In honour of heroes and mighty kings.  
O! hast thou neither voice nor spell,  
Nor fairy to send forth and tell  
Why all this clamour, tumult, and din,  
My ancient palace halls within—  
Where I have slumbered, in listless mood,  
Since the days of the Martyr, Charles the Good?

We have quoted the opening scene entire, not only as an introduction to the Mask, but as a sufficient example of the author's poetry, which it will thence be seen is utterly negligent of rhythm and measure, hardly any two consecutive lines admitting of the same scanning. Indeed it is not in the composition that we can discover among the other Geniuses brought forward the Genius of Mr. Hogg. His merits are to be detected in the detached thoughts and some of the images; for the rest, as our translators from the French say, it is all grotesque, queer, burlesque, leather and prunella. The humour is of an exceedingly odd kind for the circumstances which provoked the drama; and Archy Campbell's interference to settle the dispute for precedence between Fairies and Ghosts of Covenanters is about as ludicrous an imagination as we remember ever to have met with. Still however, the poetical talent shines out at times, and if the general design cannot claim our applause, we are happy to allow for the author's vein of fun, and more happy to make such extracts as occur to us as best calculated for that purpose, to elucidate his vein of poetry. When the Genius of the Ocean inquires of her Sea Nymphs how they have executed their duties of tendance on their king, Lady Foambell, the first of these aquatic essences, replies—

Mistress, you know how, a year ago,  
I sailed to the winds, and summoned them on,  
To toss him and heave him o'er breaker and wave,  
As high as the mountain, as low as the cave;  
For I knew that the King of the Sea would not shrink;  
From the cup that her millions are doomed to drink;  
And I screamed with joy when without dread,  
He saw the waves break over his head.  
—But I was punished; and, mistress mine,  
Your high award was too condign.

*Oriel.* Fair nymph, if well thou now hast sped,  
I'll bind this garland round thy head  
Of the emerald green and the ruby red.

*First Sea-Nymph.*

My Queen, I judged there were greater crimes  
Than giving my Prince a touch of the times;  
So I whispered to him, in haughty tone,  
What element he journeyed on.  
But when I knew the sacred charge,  
And gave the ship to bound at large;  
And lovely was her meteor away,  
As she rainbowed the waves on her polar way.  
Old Ocean smiled through her silvery foam,  
As she bore her King to his ancient dome.

And, O my Queen,  
Had'st thou but seen  
When his eye first found the Ochels green,  
How it beamed with the heart's own mollient dew,  
As loud he called to his steersman true,  
"Is yon the Land of the Clans I view?"

He turned it next on this very dell  
Round which the rocks fantastic swell;  
On castled pile of ancient time,  
And he started at each scene sublime.  
And then it sought, the last of all,  
The beauteous Mary's ancient Hall;  
And the tear-drop fell as his thoughts did trace  
The fate of the Stuarts' hapless race,—  
The flower of the world that flourished there;  
And of all her comely race so fair  
The last and the loveliest too was gone,  
And the Royal Wanderer roamed alone.  
These were his secret thoughts I ween,  
For a look so expressive I never had seen;  
I loved him, and blessed him, and (shame to out-brave)  
I took my stand on the name of a wave,  
And bursting away with the breeze that blew,  
I moistened his cheek with my body of dew:  
For I longed, in a frolic of amorous mirth,  
To kiss, in the gleam of a Scottish firth,  
The King of the Ocean and Isles of the Earth.

*Oriel.* Fair Lady Foambell, turn thee behind,  
Thou art not a dame to my Sovereign's mind.  
Come, Fireflake, forth, take up the word,  
And say how you served the Ocean's Lord.

*Second Sea-Nymph.*

My Queen, I sparkled as bright at even,  
As the brightest stars in the upper heaven;  
And I flashed in a thousand shivers of flame  
On the sides of the bark, as she onward came.  
And when the sun rose, bright and low,  
I gleamed, a radiance, round her prow,  
And I drew my Sovereign's manly eye,  
That looked with joy on my mimicry.

*Oriel.* Turn, tiny nymph, behind thy Queen,  
Since thou hast toy to Sovereign been,  
I'll grant thee a lover, and he shall be  
From the fountains of the Zuyder Zee.  
Come Ripple, and Rainbow, Gurgle, and Gale,  
Say how yon sped with the royal sail.

This medley-bouquet of flowers and weeds will speak Mr. Hogg's style without comment or criticism of ours. The lowness of "the times," the absurdity of the haughty-toned whisper, and other blemishes, are far more than compensated by the excellence of many of the ideas and the beauty of many of the expressions and epithets. The pathos of the allusions to the race of Stuart, and the charming description of the flashing waters round the royal vessel, need no panegyric. Then comes the ludicrous names of Ripple, Gurgle, Gale, Rainbow and Co. to weaken the sentiment; but in their language greatly to improve it:

O Mistress, we died the breast of the tide  
With purple, and green, and gold beside;  
The heaven above, and the heaven below,  
We painted the Autumn's boldest glow,  
And arched the sea with aerial bow.  
And still our liquid song we sung  
As the ship on the green wave veered and swung;  
And aye we deck'd her gilded prow,  
With stomager of the purest snow.  
Thy maidens spared nor toil nor pain  
To please the King of the mighty Main.

This is delightful, and we only laugh at its concluding award. Ori-el says,

Go, Ripple, and sing to the rushing keel;  
Go, Gurgle, and growl in the fisherman's creel;  
Go, Gale, and away o'er thy wild billow roam;  
And, rosy Rainbow, break and go home.

The other Aërial interlocutors advance in succession; and at length the Representatives of the Lowlands, the Highlands or Gael, the West or Covenanters, and the Ocean, quarrel as to their rights of entertaining the Sovereign. Each advocates his or her own pretensions—

*Genius of the Gael.*

I'll not give in, by high Heaven's might;  
M'Donald always keeps the right

*Gillinour.* Step forth, my host of saintly fame;  
Show your fair faces without shame.

*Enter Ghosts of ancient Covenanters.*

Now, dost thou think I'll yield the palm?  
Stern opposition is the balm  
Of these my followers. Turn thee here,  
And view their visages severe,  
And then say who dares treat with banter  
The spirits of old Covenanters!

*Gillinour.* The bible be your target, then,  
And wear it like Breadalbane's men,  
Or these bold rogues, the red M'Gregors,  
Spread on the arm with mystic figures.  
Your swords be gleams of fiery levin,  
Drawn streaming from the forge of heaven;  
And through the moonlight of the hill,  
O'er shade and shingle, and rock rill,  
We'll drive this herd of haughty jeerers  
Like silly sheep before their shearers.

*Genius of the Gael.*

Rise, Highland shades, we'll them defy.  
When yields M'Donald, then shall I.

*Queen.* Rise, every fay and Border elf,  
The land of Bruce will right itself.

(As they are in the act of seizing one another, Archy Campbell enters, dark with fatigue and dust. He runs through and through the crowd pushing them asunder.)

The finale is almost, if not altogether, ridiculous. It reminds us of honest Bottom's endeavours—

*Archy.* Hold off! I say! Hold off! hold off! Keep the peace in the King's name. Hold off, you there!

*Omnes.* Who are you, Sir? Who are you? Who are you? &c. &c. &c.

*Archy.* Oh Cot! pe plessing on you all; she pe the Genius of the High-street of Edinburgh, and has more nor enench to pe toeing without coming out among the cliffs, and the crags, and the mountains to pe contend with madcaps. Cot's tamn! is it not a poid matter that men and dheivils should all have gone mhad at the very same time. The shentles are gone mhad, and the phoor people are gone mhad: the wives are all gone mhad, and the wee, wee pairnies are mhaddest of all. But is it not an awsome thing that the very bogies of the hill should have risen out of the earth and gone mhad too? Keep the peace there, my ghostly masters. Sure, there never was a good shentleman peloved like this! Every living creature in the whole land, visible and invisible, is in commotion, contending who shall pe rheundering him the most ghrandest homage, and who has the pest right an condescension of him. Cot pless us! what a hobbleshue, and a hurly-purly, with clans and commoners. And, among the rest, tere pe te prave and te ponny Campbells, with te P on the shouter of te arm, weilk shaws tere mhaister to pe no g'reat scholar, for it should peen a C. Och, that she had them all here! For of all other risings, this of the clans of pagies pe te worst. But it pe petter to fleech fools than fight wi' them. Come, my prave friends, tere shall none of you pe either first or last, for you shall just form a round robin about our mhaister and our King, and pe a creat, and a strong, and a mighty pulwark about him, when the ee of man can neither pe seeing te one nor te other. Come I will form you in a ring, and you shall pe tancing of a meenoway, and singing to first shentleman of te whole world to his good sleep.

*Queen.* Pray, brave sir, what shall we sing?

*Archy.* Och! just pe you beginning te fine song. A good turn needs but a beginning. Let it pe Scottish, true Scottish.

(They tread softly in a circle and sing.)

We'll round about a' t'gether,  
The way that the wily moon goes,

And aye we will join the wild chorus,  
And sing our guest to his repose:  
For wasna he weel wordy blessings,  
And wasna he weel wordy three,  
And wasna he weel wordy blessings,  
Wha came to the North to me?

There's some that can rule with discretion,  
There's some that can stoop to the law,  
There's some that can wield a whole nation,  
But wha is it can do them a'?

Then wasna he weel wordy blessings, &c.  
We'll dance till the gondshaker tremble,  
The gowan, and harebell sae bine;  
An't wasna for great Archy Campbell,  
We wadna leave track on the dew.  
For wasna he weel wordy blessings, &c.

The night-wind is sougning mair sweetly  
O'er bells of the heather and ling;  
The starns they are shining mair brightly,  
And a' for the sake o' our King.  
Then wasna he weel wordy blessings, &c.

O well may the land of the thistle  
Have joy on her bonny ee-bree;  
She'll never forget the bliithe bustle  
And life of her grand jubilee.  
Then wasna he weel wordy blessings, &c.

*Archy.* Now scale a' your ways, like good pairns, and we're muckle obliged to you for your good intentions. Ride away on the swirl o' the wind there, or mak horses o' the wee windiestraes, and scamper off like as many fire-flaughts; or ye may climb up your lang ladders, made o' the peams o' the moon; but, in the King's name, I dismiss ye. Gude heavens! Ina it an awsome thing that the very teils and bogies are come out o' the mondiewort holes to kick up sic a stour on this great occasion.

*Exeunt all the Spirits, in different directions. Archy looks for a while after them, and then goes off, singing*

"Hersel be Heelant shentleman,  
Pe said as Pottal priggs man," &c.

But not to dismiss our readers with the least favourable impression of the author as a Masker and Bard, we will finish our review with two of his best Songs. The first is from the Borders, the second from the Gael—

Hail to the son of our father,  
The lover of man, or truth, and of order!  
Joy, joy to the land of brown heather!  
The blood of her Bruce is come over the border.  
(*Echo repeats*) Over the Border.

The song of the fairy for bonny Queen Mary  
Shall rise to her son, in her halls no now stranger;  
While all the brave Border is rising in order  
To show their loved Monarch they're ready in danger.  
(*Echo repeats*) Ready in danger.

Sing! Sing, ye green fairies of lowland dale,  
None sa well know the joy of the nation:  
Round, round, from the Cheviot to Lothian vale,  
Nought is prevailing but proud exultation.  
(*Echo repeats*) Proud exultation!

Herdman and haiden too, green-coated maiden too  
Baron and burgher are all in disorder,  
Ranting and singing, and bonnets up-flinging,  
Because of the lad that that's come over the Border.  
(*Echo repeats*) Over the Border!

To the pise of Lochaber  
Due honours be given;  
That girdles the earth,  
And that blossoms to heaven:  
Loud flourish the oran,  
With pipe and with tabor,  
To the tree of great Bancho,  
The lord of Lochaber.

Far flourish our stem,  
And its honours rise prouder,  
The stem of the Stuart,  
And rose of the Tudor.  
Ho urrim! sing urrim  
To the best and the latest!  
What joy to the land  
That the last is the greatest.

Ho urrim! sing urrim  
To the day that brought hither,  
And the day that gave birth  
To our King and our Father!  
And oft may this season  
And scene back allure him  
To the arms of his people!  
Ho urrim! sing urrim!

### A Tale in the Tamul Language.

*The Adventures of the Gooroo Paramartan: a Tale in the Tamul language: accompanied by a Translation and Vocabulary, together with an Analysis of the first story. By Benjamin Babington, of the Madras Civil Service. Small 4to. pp. 243. London 1822. J. M. Richardson.*

The Tamul tongue, which consists of two (the upper and the lower) dialects, is spoken by more than five millions of the population in the south of India. Derived from no language which now exists, and in its primitives entirely distinct from the Sanskrit, its study is of infinite importance to persons employed in the administration of our Eastern empire; and the author of this work has rendered them a most useful service by enabling them to acquire a knowledge of it from a publication at once skilful, learned, and amusing,—skilful in plan and arrangement, learned in philology, and amusing in the exemplar stories. The original alphabet, tradition says, was composed of only sixteen letters, and what it has since borrowed so largely from the refined Sanskrit of the North, is chiefly found in its lower or colloquial idiom. The Tamul is the parent of the Telugoo, Malayalam, and Canarese; or, it is probable, all these spring from a common root now lost in the gloom of antiquity. But as the Tamul possesses stronger traces of originality than any of the cognate dialects of Southern India, it is obvious that its acquisition, added to an acquaintance with the more polished Sanskrit of the North, must be the best method for acquiring a knowledge of all the Hindoo languages of India.

The story of Gooroo Paramartan, selected by Mr. Babington in order to furnish materials for commencing in this country the study of the Tamul, is one (as he informs us) of the lighter productions of that profound scholar and rare genius Father Beschi, or Viramamooni, i. e. the great Champion Devotee, as this learned Italian Jesuit was surnamed by the natives. Beschi, appointed by the Pope to the East India mission, arrived at Goa in the year 1700; and thence proceeded to Avoor, in the district of Trichinopoly, where he made himself master of Tamul, Telugoo and Sanskrit, as well as of Hindoostanee and Persian. Thus qualified for a missionary, he further recommended himself by adopting the indifferent customs of the Hindoos, such as abandoning animal food, employing Brahmins to prepare his meals, and dressing in the religious habit of a Gooroo, or Indian devotee. Through these means he was not only unusually successful in his labours of conversion, but rose to high political influence; for in 1736 he was appointed Divan to the famous Chunda Sahib, Nabob of Trichinopoly. When the Marhattas overthrew this chieftain, Beschi escaped to Gayal Patanam, then a Dutch city, where he died in 1742, and where masses are still offered up for the salvation of his soul. He founded several churches in India, and produced many literary works which do honour to his memory. Among these we may innumerate Tembavani, a sacred poem, as long as the *Iliad*, and, as Mr. B. states, of very considerable merit; also Kiten Ammal Ammanai, another poem, Veditarjookham, and Veda Villakkam, religious prose works; Dictionaries in Tamul and French, Portuguese and Latin and other lexicographical and grammatical performances of much research, labour and utility. To this slight sketch we have only to add, that Beschi was as pious as he was zealous, and has left in his life and conduct a model for all present and future missionaries who attempt to plant the Christian faith in the minds of Hindoo Idolaters.

Having thus briefly gone over the graver matters suggested by the volume before us, we turn to the adventures of the Gooroo, which tale was probably intended as a pleasing vehicle of instruction to those Jesuits whose labours required a knowledge of the Tamul; but as we cannot have many readers of that Order, and are besides destitute of Tamul types, we trust we shall be excused for saying nothing to the version in these curious and pretty characters, and drawing our illustrations from its English translation. Thence we learn that.

"There was a Gooroo whose name was Noodle, who had five disciples serving under his command, Blockhead, Idiot, Simpleton, Dunce and Fool. These, having all six gone on foot through the surrounding villages, to make some enquiries respecting other disciples, were on

their return to their Mattam,\* when one day, they arrived in the third watch,† at the bank of a river.‡

"Under a notion that this was a cruel stream, which in consequence, could not be passed while it was awake, the Gooroo gave orders to Dunce, and dispatched him to ascertain whether the river were asleep. Upon this he lighted with a segar, and carried with him, a fire brand which he had borne in his hand, and without approaching the river, kept aloof and stretching out the brand at arms length, dipped it into the water.

"Observing that as soon as he had immersed it, the water smoked with a hissing noise, away Dunce ran, hurrying, stumbling and tumbling, and cried out, 'O Master! Master! this is not the time for passing the river. It is awake; and no sooner had I touched it, than it flew into a passion, hissed like a venomous serpent, and smoking in fierce rage, leaped and rushed at me. It is indeed a wonder that I escaped with the preservation of my life.' To this the Gooroo replied, 'What can we do in opposition to the divine will? We will wait a little while.' So saying, they sat down in a spreading grove hard by, which formed a dark shade, and as each was relating, in order to pass the time there, different circumstances regarding this river, Blockhead spoke as follows:

"I have many a time heard my Grandfather tell me of the ferocity and artfulness of this stream. My Grandfather was a great merchant. One day, he had a companion of his were driving along two asses laden with bags of salt, and when they had descended into the middle of the river, they washed themselves in the cool water, which was running up to their waists, (for, as it was in the hot season,§ they were somewhat fatigued) and stopping the asses they bathed them also.

"On arriving afterwards at the opposite bank, they saw, not only that the river had devoured the whole of the salt, but that the salt had all been miraculously drawn out, while the mouths of the gunny bags, which were well sewed, were not in the least opened. They congratulated themselves, saying, ha! ha! since the river has seized upon this salt, is it not a great blessing that it has left us unswallowed?"

Simpleton tells the story of the dog and his shadow, as another instance of the River's treachery, and the narrative proceeds.

"Whilst they were thus discoursing, they spied a horseman coming from the other side. As only a single span depth of water was flowing in the river, he remained on horseback, and without being the least afraid, came hastily splashing through. On perceiving this, they cried out, 'Alack! alack! if our Gooroo too had a horse, both he and we with him might descend into the river without fear.' Then they began to entreat him, saying, 'O Sir, you must by all means buy a horse.' The Gooroo Noodle however replied, 'We will talk of this matter hereafter.'

"So as the day was declining and the evening approached, he sent again to examine whether the river were asleep. Idiot accordingly took the same fire brand, and on immersing it for the purpose of examination, he found that the water did not spit up in the least, as the fire had been before extinguished; so being greatly delighted, he ran off, crying, 'Now is the time! now is the time! come along quickly, and do not open your mouths or make any noise; the time of the deep slumber of the river is come; there is no occasion now for fear or alarm.' Upon Idiot's shouting out this good news, they suddenly started up, and without uttering a single word, all six or them cautiously descended into the stream. At each step, which was so planted that even the waves beaten up by their legs made no rippling sound, they raised their feet over the water, advanced them, pressed them down again, and with hearts beating pit-a-pat tripped along and passed the river.

"As soon they reached and ascended the bank, they were elated in proportion as they had before been sorrowful, and while they were

\* The Mattam is a secluded retreat, in which the Gooroo and his disciples reside when not engaged in visitations to those who are under their spiritual controul.

† In their civil day the Tamuls divide the twenty four hours into sixty parts, each of which consequently contains twenty-four minutes.

‡ The seven rivers celebrated in books, and classed together, are the Ganges, the Jumna, the Nerbudda, the Saraswati, the Cavery, the Kistnah, and the Godavari.

§ According to book authorities the year is divided into six seasons. The 1st comprehends August and September; it is the rainy season, at least on the western side of India; 2nd, the cold season, comprehends October and November; 3d, the former dews, comprehends December and January; 4th, the latter dews, February and March, (these two bear some analogy to the first rains and latter rains of the Jews, see Dent. ch. xi. 14;) 5th, the first hot season, April and May; 6th, the hottest season, June and July. The Tamul months commence about the middle of our own, which throw these seasons a fortnight in advance.

jumping about, Fool, who stood behind, counted all the rest without including himself. As he only saw five persons while he was counting, he took alarm, crying out, 'Woe is me! woe is me! one is gone with the stream. Behold, Master, but five of us stand here.' Having placed them all in a row, the Goroos himself counted them two or three times over; but as he always reckoned, omitting himself, he too pronounced that there were five. Thus as one and all, each leaving himself out, added together only the others, it became certain among them that the river had swallowed up one.

"On this account they howled bitterly, crying out 'Alas! alas!' and embracing one another exclaimed, 'O thou cruel river. O thou more obdurate than a block, more savage than a panther. Has thou not feared, yea but a little, to swallow up the disciple of the Goroos Noodle, who is saluted, respected, worshipped and praised from one end of the world to the other? Wretch! has thou such a daring spirit, thou son of the black bear; offspring of a cruel tiger! Shall thou attain to a future world? shalt thou hereafter roll thy cool stream along? May thy source be totally dried up and scorched; may the glare dart upon the sand in thy bed; may fire feed upon thy waves; may thy meadows be parched and withered; may thy depths be filled with thorns! Without moisture, without coolness, without even a mark to point out the place of thy former existence, mayest thou be in future consumed away!'

"Thus did they vent their abuse and railing, stretching forth their hands and cracking their fingers.\* Nevertheless, from their hasty stupidity, no one knew up to that moment which among them had been carried away by the river, and no one inquired who it might be. Just at that juncture, a sensible man who was travelling along the road came up, and touched with compassion demanded, 'How now Master, how now tell me, what is this bustle about?' They in turn related to him in due order what happened, and he fully perceiving their idiotism, replied, 'What has happened, has happened. If you will make me amenable recompense, I have power to call hither him who is gone with the stream; for know that, I am deeply versed in legerdemain. To that Goroos rejoiced answered, 'If you will do this, we will give you forty-five fanams which we have provided for our journey.' Then the other raising a stick which he held in his hand, 'Tis in this,' said he, 'that this art is contained. If you will range yourselves in a row, and as you receive a blow upon the back, will each reckon by calling out his name, I will cause all six of you to be here present.' Having thus placed them, he first gave the Goroos a thump on the back: 'Holla!' cried he, 'tis I, myself, the Goroos.' 'One,' replied the man. In this manner he gave a blow to all of them, and each repeating his name respectively and casting up the account, they agreed in finding that not one among the six was missing. Being therefore astonished they came round the conjurer, and bestowing great praise on him paid him the money which they had promised and went way."

This tale, so like that of our own Wise Men of Gotham, is followed by seven other whimsical examples of the stolidity of the Goroos and his worthy Disciples. In the second, not being rich enough to purchase the horse so much coveted for passing rivers, they buy from a roguish gardener a large pumpkin, which he imposes upon Blockhead and Idiot (the Ambassadors) as a horse's egg! The sequel is entertaining:

"Blockhead having carefully taken the egg he lifted it on his head, the other went before shewing the way, and while they were thus going along, Blockhead began to say, 'Ay; ay, our forefathers have said, they who perform penance, are forwarding their own affairs. We have now seen the proof of this with our own eyes. This in truth is the profit which has accrued by the penance continually performed by our Goroos. A high bred horse, which is worth a hundred or a hundred and fifty pagodas, we purchase and take to him for five.' To which Idiot replied, 'Needs this any reflection? Hast thou not heard the saying—*from pious actions alone proceeds delight, all else is irrelevant and unworthy of praise. From virtue, not only profit, but pleasure proceeds; except there be (virtue,) all else will be misery and disgrace. Did not my father for a long time practice many virtues; and he found his profit and delight in the end, in having me born to him.*' To which the others replied, 'Can this be doubted? If you sow a castor oil tree, will an ebony tree be produced? From good actions, good will proceed; from evil actions, evil.'

\* The Hindoos, in uttering a malediction, unite their hands by interlacing the fingers, and then projecting them forwards produce that sound commonly called cracking the joints. Their imprecations are still further strengthened, as they think, by casting dust at the object of them.

† The Tamuls reckon thirty-two pious actions, some of which are curious, such as "associating with the female sex, erecting posts for cows to rub themselves against, giving quick lime to be eaten with the betel leaf, paying for the barber to shave another, furnishing a looking glass, burning a corpse," &c. &c.

"Thus conversing, after they had walked along for a considerable distance, the pumpkin, from striking against the bough of a tree which was bent and hanging down, was dashed out of his hands, and suddenly tumbling upon some shrubs which were spreading in bushes below, cracked and fell to pieces,

"Upon this, a hare which was sitting in the bushes started up and ran away. Taking the alarm, they cried out, 'Behold! the horse's foal which was in the shell has run away;' and followed after to catch and seize it. Running, regardless of hills or dales, or woods or commons, the clothes which they had on became entangled in the thorny bushes, and were partly torn and partly detained. They continued the pursuit, with their flesh lacerated by the stumps which they trod on, their blood flowing in consequence of the thorns with stuck into them, their bodies all streaming with perspiration, their hearts beating, their two ears closed, puffing and blowing with fatigue, and their bowels jolting; notwithstanding which, the hare was not caught, and they both fell down, wearied out and harassed with fatigue. In the meantime the hare went on, and becoming concealed, so as no longer to be kept in sight, it ran away to a great distance. They too, regardless of their weariness, rose up, and with legs limping and wounded by thorns, stones and stumps, searched in every direction. Journeying in this afflicted condition, they suffered hunger and fasting all that day, and after sunset arrived at the Mattam.

"When they entered in at the gate, they smote their mouths, crying, 'Alas! alas!' and beating themselves, fell down. 'What is it? What is it? What harm has come to you?' demanded the rest; who came, and, taking them by the hand, raised them up. After the two had related in detail all the circumstances that had happened, Blockhead spoke as follows: 'O Sir, since the day that I was born, I never beheld so swift a horse as this: of an ash colour, mixed with black; in form and size like a hare, and a cubit in length. Although a foal still in the nest, it pricked up its two ears, cocked its tail, which rose up the length of two fingers, extended and stretched forth its four legs, and with its heart close to the ground, ran with a swiftness and impetuosity which can neither be expressed nor conceived.'

"Upon this they were all bewailing, when the Goroos appeasing them, said, 'True, indeed, the five pagodas are gone, but however, it is well that the horse's foal is gone also; if whilst a foal it runs in this manner, when hereafter it shall become full grown, who will be able to ride upon it? I truly am an old man: a horse of this description, my friends, although it were presented to me gratis, I would not accept.'

[The sagacity of the Goroos and his disciples offers too important an example to mankind, to allow us, patriotic and philanthropic as we are) to abridge the useful lesson too much. We shall therefore reserve the sequel of Noodle's life and adventures till next Saturday.]—*Lit. Gaz.*

† This is the undoubted meaning of the text; but whether violent exertion would produce the effect described, I will not pretend to determine. The effects of violent love on the same organ, as described by Sappho, seem at least equally wonderful, if not quite similar. *Ὀνάρτασεν δ' οὐδὲν ὕμνηε, βομβεῦσεν δ' ἀκοῇ μοι.*

Cambridge in 1760.—The poet Gray, writing to Dr. Clarke, thus speaks of Cambridge and one of its accomplished Members:—"Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, get it an ill name, and spoil all. Our friend Dr.—(one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner: but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They say he made a very good end."

Legitimate Humanity.—It is positively asserted in the CHRONICLE, that Lord Strangford fell into a fit when he heard of the blowing up of the Captain Pacha's ship. This exceedingly resembles the tender sympathies of the COURIER, who hopes the attempt of the Greeks to throw off the yoke of their barbarous oppressors may fail, in order that the feelings of "the really humane" may be spared the recital of "material barbarities!"

Tender Question.—I remember an hypothesis (says ELIA, in his savoury Dissertation on Roast Pig) argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping—(*par flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal,—is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision

# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—589—

## Ordeal of Public Scrutiny.

*Buckingham, VERSUS The Editor and Proprietors of the John Bull.*

*To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

I must confess, that previously to the decision of the above case in the Supreme Court, I was somewhat disposed to give my judgment against Mr. Buckingham, and was accordingly prepared to hear something from the side of the Defence which would carry conviction to my mind, but the failure of this point *in toto*, and the view which had been taken of the case by the learned Judge, removed every unfavourable impression, and I have no hesitation in declaring my sentiments that no man whose acts passed such an ordeal of public scrutiny, could have come off with a fairer character. Mr. Buckingham's enemies and those anonymous slanderers, who have sacrificed so much of their time in order to lower him in the public estimation, will, I trust, upon reflection, feel within themselves that deep remorse which such a termination of events is likely to produce, and that they will learn from the present lesson, that the Law is sufficient to put down Libellers, and to restore to the party libelled, that fair character, which wantonness and malice may for a time have tarnished.

Your's,

April 9, 1823.

A CONSTANT READER.

## Architectural Improvements.

*To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

I coincide in opinion with your Correspondent, A LOUNGER, that the Police Office (for I am convinced, it is that "Public Office" he alludes to, in his Letter of the 12th ultimo,) would be materially improved in appearance, if a few mounds or tons of the Rubbish, as he with some propriety terms it, for the greater part is certainly nothing but shreds and tatters, were removed from that handsome building; his observations with respect to the Writers' Buildings are equally just, though your Correspondent has been rather premature, I think, in his eulogiums on the Public Authorities, for causing the late ponderous Choppers and bamboo Plat-forms to be removed from its front, as I see that new ones of the same description are fast "rising from the ruins of the other day." This is really a great pity, and I wonder how people can reconcile themselves to disfigure their houses in the manner they do.

With respect to Tank-Square, the huts your Correspondent mentions, belonging to the Convicts, I had hoped would long ere this have been withdrawn; for they are indeed an eye sore; but they have probably not met the eye of proper authority and consequently the nuisance has not been remedied. If my insinuations could have any influence on those proper authorities, I should, for the sake of uniformity, propose that another entrance be made to Tank Square opposite to the Iron gate now facing Government House, and that both those entrances might be open for the convenience of the Public. Indeed, I can hardly form an idea for what reason the southern gate should not be so now, unless it is caprice. Another suggestion I would make is, that a street might be made to bisect Mission Row, and the Cosatollah direct from the Eastern Entrance of Tank Square, so as to correspond with Coelah Ghaut Street and afford one uninterrupted *coup d'œil* from the heart of the City to the River side. The expense attending this could not be very material: no houses of any magnitude would require being demolished; within the Square itself, for instance Messrs. Grigg and Pengelly's Shop is the only building that would require being removed, and that has certainly nothing of either beauty or elegance to recommend it. Indeed, I have often wondered that these little low buildings on the East side of this noble Square,

(witness the Shops of Muduann Mockerie, and that of the late once-deemed immortal Baxter) should have been allowed to stand so long as foils to the other magnificent buildings which compose that front. However, Rome was not built in a day, and the numerous wonderful improvements that are daily making in this City of Palaces, are fair promises that the minor eye-sores will not be overlooked.

I am, Sir, your's obediently,

A FRIEND TO IMPROVEMENTS.

## The Mermaid Unbeiled.

*To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

While speculation is yet active, as to the existence of the Mermaid, give me leave to offer a few observations on the one now in exhibition at Messrs. Davies and Co's. Rooms.

Having had considerable doubts as to the possibility of an union between the (human) spine and the principal center bone of the fish, I carefully examined the object, and found, that it is without the spine, and collar bones, that the arms are without wrists or joints; the animal, although nearly three feet long, scarcely weighs as many pounds, and that the head is without the skull: I have therefore no hesitation in pronouncing it a fabrication.

The head of the monster, as it is called, is a stupid attempt at imposition; the mouth is made up of Shark's jaws, the horn is of wood, and like its neighbour, it is without a skull or bones.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Calcutta, April 11, 1823.

COLUMB.

## Indian Optimism.

Enjoying under the British Rule, a degree of security in every thing a man can hold dear which they never before experienced, the Native population seek no change, and least of all such change as the Modern Reformers of India would give them.—CALCUTTA REVIEW.

*To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

The passage selected by me as a motto, being the conclusion of an argument understood to be from the pen of a Clergyman, against the existence of a Free Press in this country, I am desirous of communicating to the People of England through the medium of your ASIATIC DEPARTMENT, the sort of feeling evinced by one of the Preachers of the Gospel here, with regard to attempts, by the diffusion of knowledge, to improve the condition of the Natives of this country. The Reverend Gentleman mentions the Memorial some Natives had presented to the Court against the taking away of that Liberty of the Press they have enjoyed since the first establishment of the British Power; and after expressing his dissatisfaction at their conduct he proceeds to express his happiness that others had not acted in like manner, and concludes with the above cordial paragraph to all who wisely "seek no change."

What is this condition with which the great body of the Native population are contented? Let the Reverend Gentleman look forth at the present time in the streets and roads in Calcutta, and its vicinity: he will see poor insatuated men burning and tearing their flesh in a manner too horrible to be contemplated, and thousands upon thousands looking on with religious enthusiasm applauding and rejoicing. These men which are but a sample of millions, I well believe, *seek no change*; and should the Reverend Reviewer go forth and tell them to persevere steadily and uniformly in their horrid rites, he will certainly meet with their applause.

Your's, &c.

A FRIEND TO REFORM.

**Sir William Jones.**

*To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

Sir William Jones's name having of late frequently been brought on the *tapis*, and his opinions respecting the liberties to be granted to the Natives of this Country quoted, I beg leave to send you the following extract from a Letter of his to John Shore, Esq. (now Lord Teignmouth), expressive of his sentiments, with respect to our admirable mode of administering Justice, and the Trial by Jury:—

"The difficulty of which we all seemed sensible, arises from a supposed necessity of deviating from the spirit and form of English judicature in criminal cases; yet the English form has been approved by the wisdom of a thousand years, and has been found effectual in the great cities of England, for the good order and government of the most high-minded, active, and restless people that exists on earth.

"I could easily demonstrate, that the criminal code of our nation, is fully sufficient to punish every temporal wrong, and redress every temporal evil, that can injure the public or individuals; and a British tribunal, for punishment of religious offences by Hindus or Mussulmans, would not only be an inquisition of the most extraordinary kind, but would, I am persuaded, be offensive in the beginning, and oppressive in the end, to the natives of both religions.

"The question is then reduced to this: is it absolutely necessary to convict and punish offenders in Calcutta without a jury? if it be, we must follow the example of Solon, who enacted such laws as were, though not the best in themselves, yet the best that circumstances would admit. I am not convinced that such a necessity exists, and strongly incline to think it does not. The evil to be remedied is the small number of magistrates; the obvious remedy is to appoint a greater number. If the legislature therefore would give the Governor in Council, a power to appoint from six to twelve justices of the peace, those justices would (under the direction of government) appoint subordinate peace officers, whose legal powers are very considerable yet accurately defined; but a *superintendent of the police*, is an officer unknown to our system, borrowed from a foreign system, or at least suggesting the idea of a foreign constitution, and his powers being dark and undefined, are those which our law most abhors. The justices would hold a session every quarter of a year; without troubling the members of government, who have other avocations; so that in every year there would be six sessions for administering criminal justice; but then comes the great question, how could the juries be supplied without injury to those who should sit on them? Now, without urging that some occasional trouble, and perhaps loss, are the fine which Englishmen pay for their freedom; without intimating that but a few years ago, an application to Parliament was made, among other objects, for a trial by jury in all cases, even in Calcutta; without contending, that if summary convictions be once made palatable, we shall gradually lose our relish for the admirable mode of trial, on which our common liberties at home almost wholly depend; without rambling a moment from the point before us, I conceive that three hundred persons, qualified to serve on petty juries, would be far more than sufficient to divide the trouble with convenience to themselves, and benefit to the community.

"On the whole, the annual burthen on each individual, especially if a kind of rotation were observed, or even if the chance of a ballot were taken, would be too inconsiderable to weigh a feather against the important object of supporting so excellent a mode of trial.

"After all, are we sure that the British subjects in Calcutta, would be better pleased than myself with any slur upon the constitutional trial by jury? and as to the Natives, besides the policy of allowing them all the beneficial efforts of our judicature, (and that a trial by twelve men, instead of one, with a power of exceptions is a benefit, must be granted by all) I rather think that the inhabitants of a British town, owing local allegiance, are en-

titled to the local advantage of being tried by a British form. In all events, if it be a benefit, they ought not to be deprived of it without some greater public good to compensate the private injustice, than would result, I apprehend, from the power of summary conviction, if it were exercised by men, whose monthly gains would depend on the number of complaints made, and of fines levied."

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

AN ADMIRER OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

**New-invented Bridges.**

*To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

I have read with much curiosity several descriptions of the newly-invented "Rustic Bridge of Tension and Suspension," which has been put up by the Post Master General on the Esplanade of Calcutta, but unhappily from their having been written by some one who was more of a Poet than a Carpenter, I have not yet been able to make out in what the new invention consists. All I can learn is that, it is passable for Tonjous, and that one Gentleman's Horse went over, and another's Horse went through, that the Bridge is light, and airy, and hung with flags and flowers, that it will cause the dawk to travel quicker, (which last is a property of any Bridge whatever,) and that it "rose like an exhalation" one fine morning. But all this does not satisfy me so much as a plain clear description of its mode of construction would have done. And this is the chief thing that is required to enable persons generally through the country to imitate the plan, and thus to produce that general facility of communication, in spite of crossing torrents and rivers which the Post Master General shows such a laudable anxiety to bring about.

It is not stated that there is any secret in the structure of this Bridge, and yet such is the consequence of nobody having described it in a workman-like manner, that no one would perceive from the accounts hitherto published in what the new invention consists, or that it is any thing else than an imitation of Captain Schaleh's Bridge, with rope in place of chain supports, and bamboo flooring in place of planks. The novelty cannot lie in this adaptation of ropes to form the skeleton of a bridge, for the Mexicans under their Yucas, threw a bridge of this sort, having a road-way, five yards broad, over a rapid river (the Desaguadero), above 80 yards wide. Their cane bridges are well known and might suggest useful hints in this country of bamboos and rattans.

Rope bridges of suspension are thrown across the torrents in the hills, and the construction of them might no doubt be much improved by a skilful mechanic. However, on a road which was much used it would deserve consideration, whether iron cables for suspending a bridge would not be much cheaper in the long run than ropes. And it will be material to know whether the new principle, whatever it be, on which this Post Office Bridge is constructed can be applied to other materials besides ropes.

Dacca, 4th April.

A MECHANIC.

**Ships Advertised for Different Ports.**

<i>Ships' Names.</i>	<i>Commanders</i>	<i>Where Bound.</i>	<i>Probable time of Sailing.</i>
Circassian, .....	L. Wasse, .....	London, .....	20th April
Exmouth, .....	G. Evans, .....	London, .....	In a few days
Woodford, .....	Alfred Chapman, ..	London, .....	At April
Clydesdale, .....	D. Mackellar, .....	Liverpool, .....	Ditto
Perseverance, .....	Thomas Bann, .....	Liverpool, .....	Ditto
Indian Oak, .....	F. Reid, .....	Eastward, .....	15th April
Victory, .....	.....	Isle of France, ..	All April
Mary, .....	.....	Ditto, .....	Ditto
Liverpool, .....	James Green, .....	Ditto, .....	Ditto
Georgiana, .....	— Rogers, .....	Ditto, .....	Ditto

*The Friend of India.*

**ASTONISHING CHANGE IN AFRICA, EFFECTED BY CHRISTIANITY.**

The following account of the reception of the Governor of Sierra Leone, Sir C. McCarthy, by the negroes at Gloucester in that colony, is very pleasing—"As the Governor approached Gloucester, the inhabitants, with their rector, the Rev. H. During, at their head, greeted his Excellency on entering the town; as he advanced, he was met by the most affectionate cheers of welcome, and in a moment was surrounded by hundreds, eagerly striving to shake the hands of their common father and benefactor. The worthy rector afterwards collected his flock in the church, where they all joined in the national Hymn of "God save the King" in a manner truly affecting to every one present.

Sir Charles and the party next moved on towards Regent; and so soon as he was espied on the heights above the town, the British Ensign was displayed, and a salute fired with much regularity; the re-echo of which among the distant hills had the most grand effect. On his Excellency crossing the large stone bridge adjoining the town, he was met by a band of young school-girls, modestly and neatly attired, and decorated with the simple though sweet and fragrant flowers of the country: the Girls preceded his Excellency up the hill to the parsonage house, amidst the enthusiastic and affectionate cheering of full two thousand voices, welcoming him once more among them. Sir Charles had scarcely entered the house, when the anxious crowd rushed into the great room, exclaiming again and again, "Thank God! Dady come—God bless him!" nor were they satisfied until his Excellency again went out among them. We confess we never witnessed, on any occasion, so gratifying a scene, nor one better calculated to excite the finest feelings of human nature: the joy expressed on every countenance, and the warmth of affectionate feeling poured forth by these freed children of Africa, excited emotions in us which we feel quite incompetent to describe. His excellency remained among his affectionate negroes for a considerable time, when their excellent rector and superintendent, the Rev. W. Johnson, led them in a body to the church, where they joined in hymns of thanksgiving to the Almighty. So many voices, on such an interesting occasion, accompanied by the solemn notes of the organ, produced in us sensations of the most serious though gratifying description.

In an address of the inhabitants of Free Town to his Excellency, they say, "The degree of civilization, social order, and moral advancement, so conspicuous in every village of the Liberated Negroes, are testimonies far higher and more durable than any that we can offer of the wisdom of your views and exertions, in carrying into effect the benevolent and liberal intentions of His Majesty's Government, with respect to this interesting portion of the population of the colony." The Governor, in his reply, says, "To the indefatigable exertions and virtuous zeal of the Superintendants and Missionaries, we are to attribute the state of civilization of this interesting portion of our population."

Sir Charles afterwards visited Waterloo. "About nine o'clock, the noise of distant voices indicated their approach to Waterloo. A shout or two from the party soon set the inhabitants in motion; and, in a few seconds, the village and its environs were entirely illuminated with torches. Waterloo was actually deserted by its inhabitants, so great was the anxiety of those affectionate people to greet their kind benefactor. His Excellency was actually borne on the shoulders of the crowd, from the point where he was met, to the house of the Rev. Mr. Wilhelm, the rector of Waterloo. Firing, shouting, huzzing, singing, and clapping their hands (their strongest demonstrations of joy) did not cease for several hours after his Excellency had retired to rest.

"What a scene (adds the writer of this narrative) for the philanthropist to contemplate! In the midst of woods, in which, scarcely more than two years ago, existed the dens of the leopard, are now to be found the peaceful habitations of man—where, instead of the terrific growl of the tiger, and the dismal howl of the hyena, the ear is saluted by the hum of the busy cottage and the solemn peal of the missionary bell, summoning to the praise of their Omnipotent Creator whole flocks of beings, on whom the light of the Gospel has lately been shed; and who, from a conviction of the spiritual change which has been wrought within them are to be heard rending the air with Hallelujahs, and with acclamations of gratitude to those generous individuals by whose agency they have been thus fostered and taught. Humanity could not enjoy a richer treat—Charity could not desire a more deserving object—Religion could not produce a finer example.

"The success of the system pursued, for some years past, in the internal management of this colony, has done away with prejudices the most inveterate; and, what is perhaps of more importance, its benignant influence rapidly extends over the barbarous nations adjoining our possessions on the coast. Even the stern and unbending spirit of Islamism, seems to relax and modify itself at the approach of Christian civilization. The great Mahomedan Powers of Fostah and of Mas-

sina eagerly court our countenance and connection; their traders and messengers experience, in this colony, a probity and good faith, hitherto unknown to them, in transactions with white men: nor does a single native return from hence into the interior, without being, in some measure, divested of his prejudices; and without having imbibed a feeling in favour of our manners and institutions. In consequence of this intercourse with the most distant tribes of the interior, a knowledge of this colony is acquired by them, which surprised our late travellers, the adventurous Dockard having heard, with astonishment, the name of MCCARTHY pronounced with respect on the remote banks of the Niger.

"It is, however, by a glance at the present actual state of the colony itself, and contrasting it with what we were a few years back, that the results of the measures now pursued may be duly estimated. We have not resided a long time on this coast ourselves, yet we can remember when the inhabitants of Freetown comprised the whole population of the colony, and when the hills surrounding us seemed to be its boundaries; when a journey to the Hogbrook, where Regent now stands, was deemed a task of considerable difficulty, and was never attempted unless in large parties. At a more recent date, the erection of a stone house, such as we see on almost every lot, was only a temptation by the Government; the great majority of the inhabitants residing in miserable hovels, their manners and customs apparently as rude as their habitations.—Such was the picture then afforded to the newly-arrived stranger. What different sensations must now pervade the breast of an individual coming among us! On our wharfs, the busy stir of commerce meets his ear; and, in every branch of society, he finds persons whose manners and intellectual acquirements will bear comparison with the relative ranks in any part of the world.

"But it is in our Liberated African Towns, that the richest enjoyment awaits the arrival of the philanthropist. There he may contemplate with delight the happy fruits of that system, the primary feature of which is Religious Instruction—and with, and proceeding from, that instruction, the inculcation of moral and industrious habits—the superiority of the mountain roads—the cleanliness and respectable appearance of the villages;—but above all the immense forests cleared away, and the soil covered with the various productions of the climate, fully attest the unremitting industry of these interesting people; while the buildings erected in the respective villages, solely by the negroes themselves, mark their capability and improvement as artificers.

"Our population gradually increases by the influx of Natives from the neighbouring tribes; and, since the last census, the number of victims rescued by the squadron from slavery has been considerable. Savage and uncultivated as these new colonists really are on their arrival, it appears surprising with what facility they acquire our language, and how soon they abandon their native customs. In no instance, perhaps, is the superiority of the plan adopted in the management of this interesting portion of the community more apparent, than in observing their comparative moral and intellectual improvement, even a few months subsequent to their landing in the colony."

The visits of Mr. Bacon, Mr. Singleton, and other friends, afforded much pleasure to Mr. Johnson, Mr. During, and their associates. Of Mr. Singleton's visit to Regent's Town, we shall extract a few notices from Mr. Johnson's journal:—April 6th, 1821—This morning, after family prayers in the church, Mr. Singleton, a member of the Society of Friends, and who has been sent out by some members of that society to collect all the information that he can respecting Africa, arrived here. It appears to me, that christians of every denomination begin to look toward poor injured Africa. Mr. Singleton appeared very reserved at first, but soon found himself at home. At eight o'clock we have always prayers in our house: he attended—wept much—and, when I had concluded, begged leave to address us. He seemed so much affected that he could scarcely speak. He concluded by pronouncing, "peace to this house!" After breakfast we visited some of our people's houses; and he was much gratified to see them so clean, and a Bible or Testament upon the table: he never could have supposed that the people lived so comfortably. We next visited the Girls' School, and the Seminary, with both of which he was much pleased, and he addressed the scholars in each. In the afternoon we went to Bathurst, Leopold and Charlotte, and returned about five o'clock. April 7th.—Our friend attended again at our Family Prayer in my house, and again was much affected. He addressed us in a very Christian like manner; saying that he was fully persuaded, that there was no essential difference among the true people of God. After breakfast we visited our market, and went to see some of the people's farms. After five o'clock our friend Singleton went to Freetown, much gratified.

The Captain, in whose vessel the Governor came out, was with him on his visit to Gloucester, and was struck with astonishment. He had seen much of Negroes in Jamaica, and asked how long this settlement had been formed. When told at the end of 1816, he smiled, and said to the Governor, "Sir Charles, if I knew not your Excellency to be a man of honour, I should think myself greatly imposed upon; and

I must candidly confess, I can hardly believe it now, But," said he, "what sort of people were they with whom it was commenced?" I pointed out some to him who were sent here in the beginning of November last, that, looking at their emaciated condition, he might form some idea of those with whom I began this settlement. He then inquired what method we had pursued to bring them to such a state, in so short a time. "No other," said his Excellency, "than teaching them the truths of Christianity; which these gentlemen were sent to propagate by the Church Missionary Society: by this alone they have ruled them, and have raised them to a common level with other civilized nations: and believe me," added His Excellency, "if you admit christian teachers into your island, you will find your Negroes soon become affectionate and faithful servants to you! You will be more surprised when I tell you, the number of captured negroes, now in the colony, amounts to 10,000; who are chiefly under the superintendency of these gentlemen, whose number is so small, that there is not one for a thousand." "This, certainly," replied the Captain, "surpasses every thing which I have hitherto heard."

### Visit to the Imperial City of Delhi.

To the Editor of the Bengal Hurkaru.

Sir,

I was much interested with the view of Delhi, on a solitary Pilgrimage I made to that city some time ago.—Within five or six miles of the Imperial, approaching it from the East (the same direction in which Lord Lake's Army advanced on the day of battle, which made the British masters of the Mogul metropolis,) the cultivation and woods open into an extensive champaign, which looks as if reserved for a battle field. It is interspersed with Palm trees, and in the back ground on the distant horizon, "Prize of the Day," the regal domes, towers, and minarets were seen mingling with the cloudless sky.—Stretched along on the left lay the magnificent mouldering remains of ancient Delhi. When I entered this plain, the sun of India (emblematic enough) was setting over the conquered city; a deep silence reigned; the whole scene (heightened doubtless by the associations) appeared more like a dream than a reality, and never did the powerful description of Crabbe appear so just as at that moment.

"Upon that boundless plain below,  
The setting Sun's last rays were shed;  
And gave a mild and sober glow,  
Where all was still a sleep, or dead.  
Vast ruins in the midst were spread—  
Pillars and Pediments sublime;  
Where the grey Moss had form'd a bed,  
And cloth'd the crumbling spoils of time."

As I journeyed slowly and pensively on this plain, my notice was attracted to a solitary Tomb, that stood a little to the right path and around which some young Palm trees were rising to shade it. On approaching it, I found it was Sacred to the Memory of Lieutenant Preston, who had fallen in that battle field in the hour of victory. I recollected that besides the encomiums I had heard bestowed upon him by his friends, that he was also a youthful Poet of very promising genius, and that I had read with much pleasure the pure efforts of his muse, in which he feelingly sang the woes of exile,—I sat down on the pedestal of his Monument, and inscribed with my pencil the following humble tribute on his early urn.

Stranger, if to thy soul the Muse is dear,  
And here thy pensive pilgrim footsteps stray;  
O weep for him who sleeps within this bier,  
For he was master of the tender lay:—  
Ye warriors turn not from the shrine away,  
For he was also of your Valiant throng;—  
Nor glow'd his bosom less in bloody fray,  
Then when he pour'd his soul in gentle song!  
Sheath'd is his sword, and hush'd his harp's soft swell;  
Glorious his fall—for he with Delhi fell.

Woff's Crag, 27th March, 1823.

THE HERMIT IN INDIA.

### Births.

On Friday the 11th instant, Mrs. J. VALLENTE, of a Son.

On the 10th instant, the Lady of J. W. CARROLL, Esq. M. D. of a Daughter.

At Masulipatam, on the 19th ultimo, Mrs. C. D. SHARKEY, of a Son.

### Deaths.

On the 27th ultimo, on the River, Mrs. M. A. HODGKINSON, deeply and sincerely lamented.

### Selections.

**Madras, March 29, 1823.**—We have no arrivals to announce from Sea since our Number of Wednesday last—and although the WOODFORD has not yet made her appearance, we do not entertain the slightest fears for her safety.

We understand that the departure of His Majesty's Ship MADAGASCAR is postponed until Sunday morning when she will sail for England touching at the Cape and St. Helena.—*Madras Gazette.*

**Intolerance.**—We decline publishing "A TRINITARIAN's" letter. He asks "whether the Governor General is vested with any power for suppressing the publication of sacrilegious and blasphemous works?" We reply, undoubtedly he has the power; and if A TRINITARIAN will point out to Government where such works are printed and published, we doubt not but a stop will be put to the trade.

We will now inform our Correspondent why we decline publishing his letter.

1st. Because A TRINITARIAN, though himself anonymous, attacks two Individuals by name.

2d. Because it advocates intolerance. The two persons to whom the TRINITARIAN alludes to, never, so far as we know, blasphemed. To constitute blasphemy, the *quo animo* must be shown to be a deliberate wish to derogate from the Majesty, the glory and the attributes of the Supreme. Instead of putting down the advocates of this or that doctrine by force, it would be more creditable to our Correspondent to overturn their arguments, if he can with arguments alone. Poor indeed is the chance of any system of religion that requires force for its aid. It was not with the faggot or the rack, that the Savior and his apostles established Christianity. It would be much more Christian like in our TRINITARIAN to let his Unitarian brethren live in peace than call upon the Government to repress them. The world is wide enough for both to live quietly in, and it would become Ultra Trinitarians to follow the example of the Hindoos as respects tolerance and courtesy in religious matters.

**Churruck Poojah Holiday.**—This (Thursday) being a Churruck Poojah holiday, crowds of Natives promenaded the street, filling the air with the exquisite melody of the most moving music ever heard since the days of Orpheus. Certainly the notions of the Hindoos on the subject of harmony differ widely from those of the Italians. The latter would say the former are wrong, and the former would retort the charge. It is not for us to give an opinion upon such a grave subject, but where the Oriental music (not to speak it profanely) to contain less of the bass in it, we should not relish it the less. Even as it is, our admiration is apt to become very lively when we listen to the clangorous Amphionites that kindly serenade the—we fear ungrateful—citizens of the Urbs Basilicarnum. Were we in a fanciful mood, we could almost imagine sometimes that Orpheus in *propria persona* was playing a dirge for his dead spouse, and that all the rocks, trees, stones, lions, bears and pigs, which proved themselves such blocks and brutes of taste in following him, were howling in concert, and cutting saltatory capers, according to what Poets feign.

It is almost incredible the myriads, of people that were seen flocking to-day towards Kalee-ghaut to worship the stern Goddess Doorgah, the Nemesis, as it were, of the East. The roads leading to the ghaut, in the directions of the General Hospital, the Comse, and the Cooly Bazar, were crowded, and the Bridges at Allipore and Kidderpore presented a moving mass of heads from dawn of day till breakfast time.—*India Gazette.*

**Aerolites.**—The celebrated Dr. Tytler having arrived from Allahabad, has favored us with a communication on the subject of the Aerolites, which has caused so much discussion in the Calcutta Papers lately, and has had the goodness to deposit various specimens of them Hurkaru Library for the inspection of all those who are curious in such matters, and which with a view of forwarding the interests of science, the Proprietors will be happy to exhibit to any person applying for the purpose.—*Hurkaru.*

### Shipping Departures.

#### CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destinations
April 10	Resource	British	B. Fenn	London
10	Hero of Malown	British	J. Neish	Penang
10	Virginia	British	P. Butler	Ceylon
10	Ceneus	British	R. Fowle	Madras
10	Flor de Mar	Spanish	M. Heuserden	Manilla

The CIRCASSIAN arrived off Calcutta yesterday morning.